

PS 1819

.H85







LOVELL'S LIBRARY

TRI-WEEKLY PUBLICATION OF THE BEST CURRENT & STANDARD LITERATURE



Vol. 8. No. 414. Aug. 2, 1884. Annual Subscription, \$30.00.

OVER THE SUMMER SEA

BY
JOHN HARRISON
AND
MARGARET CLIFTON

Entered at the Post Office, N. Y., as second-class matter.
Copyright, 1884, by JOHN W. LOVELL CO.

NEW YORK
+ JOHN W. LOVELL COMPANY +
14 & 16 VESEY STREET



LOVELL'S LIBRARY.—CATALOGUE.

1. Hyperion.....20	65. Selma.....15	127. Under Two Flags, Pt I. 20
2. Outre-Mer.....20	66. Margaret and her Brides- maids.....20	Under Two Flags, Pt II. 20
3. The Happy Boy.....10	67. Horse Shoe Robinson, 2 Parts, each.....15	128. Money.....10
4. Arne.....10	68. Gulliver's Travels.....20	129. In Peril of His Life.....20
5. Frankenstein.....20	69. Amos Barton.....10	130. India; What can it teach us?.....20
6. The Last of the Mohicans. 20	70. The Berber.....20	131. Jets and Flashes.....20
7. Clytie.....20	71. Silas Marner.....10	132. Moonshine and Margue- rites.....10
8. The Moonstone, Part I. 10	72. Queen of the County.....20	133. Mr. Scarborough's Family, 2 Parts, each...15
9. The Moonstone, Part II. 10	73. Life of Cromwell.....15	134. Arden.....15
10. Oliver Twist.....20	74. Jane Eyre.....20	135. Tower of Perce mont.....20
11. The Coming Race.....10	75. Child's Hist'ry of Engl'd. 20	136. Yolande.....20
12. Leila.....10	76. Molly Bawn.....20	137. Cruel London.....20
13. The Three Spaniards.....20	77. Pillone.....15	138. The Gilded Clique.....20
14. The Tricks of the Greeks. 20	78. Phyllis.....20	139. Pike County Folks.....20
15. L'Abbé Constantin.....20	79. Romola, Part I.....15	140. Cricket on the Hearth.. 10
16. Freckles.....20	Romola, Part II.....15	141. Henry Esmond.....20
17. The Dark Colleen.....20	80. Science in Short Chapters. 20	142. Strange Adventures of a Phaeton.....20
18. They were Married.....10	81. Zanon.....20	143. Denis Duval.....10
19. Seekers After God.....20	82. A Daughter of Heth.....20	144. Old Curiosity Shop, P't I. 15
20. The Spanish Nur.....10	83. Right and Wrong Uses of the Bible.....20	Old Curiosity Shop, P't II. 15
21. Green Mountain Days.....20	84. Night and Morning, Pt. I. 15	145. Ivanhoe, Part I.....15
22. Fleurette.....20	Night and Morning, Pt. II 15	Ivanhoe, Part II.....15
23. Second Thoughts.....20	85. Shandon Bells.....20	146. White Wings.....20
24. The New Magdalen.....20	86. Monica.....10	147. The Sketch Book.....20
25. Divorce.....20	87. Heart and Science.....20	148. Catherine.....10
26. Life of Washington.....20	88. The Golden Calf.....20	149. Janet's Repentance.....10
27. Social Etiquette.....15	89. The Dean's Daughter.....20	150. Barnaby Rudge, Part I. 15
28. Single Heart, Double Face.....10	90. Mrs. Geoffrey.....20	Barnaby Rudge, Part II. 15
29. Irene; or, The Lonely Manor.....20	91. Pickwick Papers, Part I. 20	151. Felix Holt.....20
30. Vice Versa.....20	Pickwick Papers, Part II. 20	152. Richelieu.....10
31. Ernest Maltravers.....20	92. Airy, Fairy Lilian.....20	153. Sunrise, Part I.....15
32. The Haunted House.....10	93. Macleod of Dare.....20	153. Sunrise, Part II.....15
33. John Halifax.....20	94. Tempest Tossed, Part I. 20	154. Tour of the World in 80 Days.....20
34. 800 Leagues on the Amazon.....10	Tempest Tossed, P't II. 20	155. Mystery of Orcival.....20
35. The Cryptogram.....10	95. Letters from High Lat- itudes.....20	156. Lovel, the Widower.....10
36. Life of Marion.....20	96. Gideon Fleyce.....20	157. Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid.....10
37. Paul and Virginia.....10	97. India and Ceylon.....20	158. David Copperfield, Part I. 20
38. A Tale of Two Cities.....20	98. The Gypsy Queen.....20	David Copperfield, P't II. 20
39. The Hermits.....20	99. The Admiral's Ward.....20	159. Charlotte Temple.....10
40. An Adventure in Thule, etc.....10	100. Nimport, 2 Parts, each..15	160. Rienzi, 2 Parts, each...15
41. A Marriage in High Life 20	101. Harry Holbrooke.....20	161. Promise of Marriage.....10
42. Robin.....20	102. Tritons, 2 Parts, each...15	162. Faith and Unfaith.....20
43. Two on a Tower.....20	103. Let Nothing You Dismay. 10	163. The Happy Man.....10
44. Rasselas.....10	104. Lady Audley's Secret.....20	164. Barry Lyndon.....20
45. Alice; a sequel to Er- nest Maltravers.....20	105. Woman's Place To-day. 20	165. Eyre's Acquittal.....10
46. Duke of Kandos.....20	106. Dunallan, 2 parts, each. 15	166. 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea.....20
47. Baron Munchausen.....10	107. Housekeeping and Home making.....15	167. Anti-Slavery Days.....20
48. A Princess of Thule.....20	108. No New Thing.....20	168. Beauty's Daughters.....20
49. The Secret Despatch.....20	109. The Spoopendyke Papers. 20	169. Beyond the Sunrise.....20
50. Early Days of Christian- ity, 2 Parts, each.....20	110. False Hopes.....15	170. Hard Times.....20
51. Vicar of Wakefield.....10	111. Labor and Capital.....20	171. Tom Cringle's Log.....20
52. Progress and Poverty.....20	112. Wanda, 2 parts, each...15	172. Vanity Fair.....30
53. The Spy.....20	113. More Words about Bible. 20	173. Underground Russia.....20
54. East Lynne.....20	114. Monsieur Lecocq, P't I. 20	174. Middlemarch, 2 Pts. each. 20
55. A Strange Story.....20	Monsieur Lecocq, Pt. II. 20	175. Sir Tom.....20
56. Adam Bede, Part I.....15	115. An Outline of Irish Hist. 10	176. Pelham.....20
Adam Bede, Part II.....15	116. The Lerouge Case.....20	177. The Story of Ida.....10
57. The Golden Shaft.....20	117. Paul Clifford.....20	178. Madcap Violet.....20
58. Portia.....20	118. A New Lease of Life... 20	179. The Little Pilgrim.....10
59. Last Days of Pompeii.....20	119. Bourbon Lilies.....20	180. Kilmeny.....20
60. The Two Duchesses.....20	120. Other People's Money.....20	181. Whist, or Bumblepuppy?. 10
61. Tom Brown's School Days. 20	121. Lady of Lyons.....20	182. That Beautiful Wretch.....20
62. Woing O't, 2 Parts, each. 15	122. Ameline de Bourg.....15	183. Her Mother's Sin.....20
63. The Vendetta.....20	123. A Sea Queen.....20	184. Green Pastures, etc.....20
64. Hypatia, Part I.....15	124. The Ladies Lindores.....20	185. Mysterious Island, Pt I. 15
Hypatia, Part II.....15	125. Haunted Hearts.....10	
	126. Loys, Lord Beresford.....20	



SECRET OF BEAUTY.

How to Beautify the Complexion.

All women know that it is beauty, rather than genius, which all generations of men have worshipped in the sex. Can it be wondered at, then, that so much of woman's time and attention should be directed to the means of developing and preserving that beauty! The most important adjunct to beauty is a clear, smooth, soft and beautiful skin. With this essential a lady appears handsome, even if her features are not perfect.

Ladies afflicted with Tan, Freckles, Rough or Discolored Skin, should lose no time in procuring and applying

LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH.

It will immediately obliterate all such imperfections, and is entirely harmless. It has been chemically analyzed by the Board of Health of New York City, and pronounced entirely free from any material injurious to the health or skin.

Over two million ladies have used this delightful toilet preparation, and in every instance it has given entire satisfaction. Ladies, if you desire to be beautiful, give LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH a trial, and be convinced of its wonderful efficacy. Sold by Fancy Goods Dealers and Druggists everywhere.

Price, 75c. per Bottle. Depot, 83 John St., N. Y.

FAIR FACES

And fair, in the literal and most pleasing sense, are those kept FRESH and PURE by the use of

BUCHAN'S CARBOLIC TOILET SOAP

This article, which for the past fifteen years has had the commendation of every lady who uses it, is made from the best oils, combined with just the proper amount of glycerine and chemically pure carbolic acid, and is the realization of a **PERFECT SOAP**.

It will positively keep the skin fresh, clear, and WHITE; removing tan, freckles and discolorations from the skin; healing all eruptions; prevent chapping or roughness; allay irritation and soreness; and overcome all unpleasant effects from perspiration.

Is pleasantly perfumed; and neither when using or afterwards is the slightest odor of the acid perceptible.

BUCHAN'S CARBOLIC DENTAL SOAP

CLEANS and preserves the teeth; cools and refreshes the mouth; sweetens the breath, and is in every way an unrivalled dental preparation.

BUCHAN'S CARBOLIC MEDICINAL SOAP cures all Eruptions and Skin Diseases.



FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

A Manual of Hygiene for Women and the Household.
Illustrated. By Mrs. E. G. Cook, M.D.

12mo, extra cloth, - - - - - \$1.50

This new work has already received strong words of commendation from competent judges who have had the opportunity of examining it, as the following will show:

Commonwealth, Boston, Mass.

"This is a sensible book, written in a clear, plain, yet delicate style; a book which ought to be in the hands of all women and girls old enough to need its counsel. It treats of topics on which hinge much of the world's woe, because of silent suffering, pale cheeks and broken constitutions."

Enquirer, Philadelphia, Penn.

"It is a plain, sensible talk on subjects usually considered too delicate to be either spoken or written about, but here put in a way that cannot offend anybody. It is a book that every mother should read and then put in her daughter's hand."

N. Y. Times.

"A book of sound advice to women."

Christian Intelligencer, N. Y. City.

"Written by a woman who speaks from the stand-point of an educated experience. Its style is simple, chaste and earnest, and it treats of subjects which it vastly concerns wives, mothers and daughters to know."

National Tribune, Washington, D. C.

"The information which this book affords is precisely what every woman ought to have."

Zion's Herald, Boston, Mass.

"In clear and plain style, with the modesty and the knowledge which an educated woman has of her subject, is presented just what the young head of a family ought to know about herself and those who may come under her care. It is an admirable book of its kind."

New York Star.

"The work opens with a chapter on physical culture, which is followed by essays on physiology in general. The feeding of children, the rights of children, the question of education, etc., are all discussed, and the work is fully illustrated."

N. Y. Medical Times.

"It treats of the importance of physical culture and hygiene. The chapters on 'Intemperance and Tobacco' are especially worthy of note. Such books as this manual are to be welcomed as helpers-on in the good cause of uplifting and perfecting humanity."

Scientific American, N. Y.

"The importance of physical culture for women, with especial reference to their duties in the household and the raising and care of children, are prominently treated in this book."

Indianapolis Journal, Indiana.

"Some work of this kind is indispensable and this one seems to be perfectly suited to the purpose for which it was prepared."

Presbyterian Banner, Pittsburg, Pa.

"Prepared by a woman who has herself received a medical training, it contains for mothers instruction and warning that should be carefully considered."

LADIES WANTED to act as Agents, to whom liberal terms will be given. Copies sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, \$1.50. Address

**HYGIENIC PUBLISHING CO., 917 Broadway, New York,
or 482 Van Buren Street, Milwaukee, Wis.**

"OVER THE SUMMER SEA"

✓ BY

JOHN HARRISON

AND

MARGARET COMPTON

15616. P

"There is a tide in the affairs of men."—*Shakspeare*

NEW YORK
JOHN W. LOVELL COMPANY
14 AND 16 VESEY STREET

PS 1819

.H85

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY
JOHN W. LOVELL COMPANY

TROW'S
PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

Dedication

(WITH APOLOGIES TO DR. O. W. HOLMES AND MARK TWAIN)

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY

INSCRIBED

TO

OUR MOST PATIENT READERS AND MOST CHARITABLE CRITICS,

OURSELVES

"OVER THE SUMMER SEA."

INTRODUCTION.

LIST OF SALOON PASSENGERS

PER STEAMSHIP

THE EMPRESS,

CAPT. O. VANK,

SAILING FROM

NEW YORK FOR LIVERPOOL,

WEDNESDAY, JUNE —, 18—,

MR. O'DONOGHUE, ...	NEW YORK
MRS. O'DONOGHUE, ...	NEW YORK
MISS O'DONOGHUE, ...	NEW YORK
MR. RUSSELL, ...	BLOOMINGTON, ILL.
MISS RUSSELL, ...	BLOOMINGTON, ILL.
MR. MURRAY, ...	PHILADELPHIA
MR. GREEN, ...	DUBLIN
MISS GREEN, ...	DUBLIN
MR. CHRISTOPHER KENT, ...	NEW YORK
MR. FRENCH, ...	LONDON, ENG.

AND OTHERS.

CAPTAIN VANK.

THE captain of the Empress was a fellow big and burly,
His head was like a bullet, and his hair was brown
and curly,
And he had a horrid fashion of getting up so early
That he always yawned at dinner.

For seamanship and courage he was very often
quoted,
And many resolutions by his passengers were voted ;
Yet, perhaps, the noble captain more especially was
noted
For the yarns he spun at dinner.

But who that is lieutenant in the R. N. pray afraid is
Of being reprimanded ? for an ocean captain's trade is
Not so much to run his vessel as to entertain the
ladies
And preside with grace at dinner.

THE O'DONOGHUES.

THE grandeur of Mrs. and also of Miss O'Donoghue simply amounted to this, That no other family—this without flattery— In New York, from High Bridge clear down to the Battery,

From the north to the south, or the east to the west, Could in any way equal it ; they were the *best*. Their help was the best that for cash could be hired, And their carriage and horses were always admired, Because, all admitted, New York could not equal The O'Donoghues' turn-out. They could dance well and speak well,

They owned the best diamonds, and it was said The two ladies frequently wore them to bed ; As Mrs. O'Donoghue once told her daughter, “ In case of a fire, *they're the very first water.* ”

Miss O'Donoghue sang in Italian, of course, And also in French, but declared she was hoarse If asked to sing English, or, tossing her head, “ I only know *classical* music,” she said.

After each entertainment their *ménage* was lauded, And Mr. O'D. by the press was applauded When he headed a charity list with his name, Always followed by “ Mrs. O'Donoghue—same ; ”

And then Miss O'Donoghue brought up the rear
With an equal amount. They were not at all near
Or miserly, that was an evident fact,
Though some people said they showed excellent tact
In giving, and a few of them openly hinted
They never subscribed if the list was not printed.

Each summer they patronized Europe, and lent
An additional charm to the old continent.
The O'Donoghues' phrase was, so rumor relates,
"If you'd see this done properly, come to the States."
And yet, it was strange, when they came back again,
They hardly did anything else but complain.
As when at a concert, at the close of a song,
Miss O'Donoghue said, "In the Bois de Boulogne,
I heard a poor beggar-girl sing that same air
Far better, and oh! she was wondrously fair.
Why, even *le peuple* in dear France are delightful,
But our poor people are wretched, are frightful!"

In short, the O'Donoghues constantly cavilled
At everything local, to show they were travelled.
If you praised Coney Island, they at once praised Bou-
logne;
If you mentioned Chicago, they mentioned Hong
Kong,
Incidentally throwing in London and Rome,
Quite taking your breath away. When they were
home
America suffered, there is not a doubt of it.
But they praised it, *ad nauseam*, when they were out
of it.

MR. RUSSELL.

A GENTLEMAN of fifty-four,
Or fifty-five, or maybe more ;
He never told his age, but let concealment—well, no
matter.

His hair was iron gray, but fine
As unspun silk, the only sign
That Father Time recorded, save that daily he grew
fatter.

A merchant—rumor does not tell
The kind of goods he had to sell,
But stocks and bonds and ready cash were proof that
he had flourished ;
A self-made man, and well made too,
His capital had been a sou,
At first, which shows how little things will grow if
wisely nourished.

MISS RUSSELL.

FROM her *débat* until the last ball of last season
Miss Russell was *belle*, with but very slight reason
If with critical measure her features you scan,
Which you never will do, if a single young man.
Her hair, which was dark, was inclined to be straight,
But waved here and there in defiance of fate ;
Her eyebrows were heavy, and prettily curved ;
Her nose from the Grecian had saucily swerved,
Not pugnaciously, no—though her rivals declare
She frequently carries that feature in air.
Her lips were not rosy, her teeth were not pearls,
And yet she was far from the plainest of girls.
Her eyes, as to color, were blue, brown, or gray,
And sparkled and changed fifty times in a day ;
They were certainly lovely, and lit up her face,
And gave her, in part, that intangible grace
Which poets and novelists seem to combine
In calling a “*something*,” but never define.

MR. MURRAY.

HE was tall and slim and very erratic,
Loud in his speech, which was always emphatic ;
Quick with an answer, and careless if what
He said was polite or if it was not ;
Pallid complexion, with dark, piercing eyes,
Which, at times, would look foolish, at other times
wise ;

A forehead that reached to the back of his head,
That was partly concealed by a skullcap in red.
Bushy black whiskers adorned either cheek,
And a mustache connected the two, so to speak.
He was starting for Europe with one suit of black
That fitted him like the proverbial sack,
A suit which was patched and eternally dusty,
A suit which had reached the condition called rusty.

He was one of those men who despise the external,
And value a nut by the size of its kernel ;
Which is all very well in the matter of food,
Although, for our part, we like both to be good,
The outside and inside, for who can endure
Any one who makes patches a virtue ? We 're sure
The poor may be smart, as was Robinson Crusoe,
But, if a man can avoid rags, he should do so.

He was tough as a mule, and could stand any weather,
And never was still for two minutes together ;
Be the sea rough or smooth, be it cloudy or clear,
He was good for a sermon, or good for a beer.
First up in the morning, and last to " turn in,"
He seemed to consider that sleep was a sin.
From the day that he sailed to the day that he
 landed
He battled and conquered *ennui* single-handed.

MR. CHRISTOPHER KENT.

" HE is very like Shelley," the ladies remark,
" Except that his eyes are a trifle too dark ;
A true poet's forehead and soft chestnut curls,
A complexion as pale and as clear as a girl's ;
A well-moulded chin—and the poise of his head
Is perfectly charming." The gentlemen said :
" A deucedly handsome young fellow, that Kent,
Our chance with the ladies is not worth a cent,
For those whom his face fails to capture instant
Will worship his muscles—he 'll win in a canter."

MR. GREEN.

A HANDSOME man with an eager eye,
And a frame well knit and strong ;
But he spoilt it all with a chronic sigh,
As if something inside was wrong.

Freed by wealth from common care,
He had plenty of time to fret,
And had gone about with a mournful air,
Since learning his alphabet.

He shook one's hand in a solemn style,
And spoke in a minor tone ;
It was only his skin that seemed to smile—
He 'd a titular funny bone.

MISS GREEN.

HIS sister, a lady of certain age,
Kind-hearted and good but quaint,
Served Brother John like a faithful page,
And thought him a modern saint.

MR. FRENCH.

A DISCIPLE of Nature, nay, more, a Freethinker,
Who sought every orthodox tenet to tinker ;
A satirical, epigrammatical Briton,
Employed by some paper, for which he had written
His notions about the American nation.
He was like that great potentate, Og, King of Bashan,
Who belonged to the remnant of giants, his size
Being simply enormous. He was witty and wise,
The prince of good-fellows. 'T is needless to state
That Nature intended this man to be great.

THE OTHERS.

ONE frequently finds on a play-bill, you know,
Right after the name of the great So-and-so,
A long list of villagers, citizens, lords,
Who fill up a scene, or say a few words,
Who make up a crowd, or assist at a mystery,
But have little or nothing to do with the history.
Be the " Others " *our* supers, whom we introduce
Whenever we find they can be of some use.

Go forth, little book, do your best ; it is certain
You must stand on your merits now. Up goes the
curtain !

SCENE I.

“FAREWELL, DEAR LAND, FARE-
WELL!”

SCENE I.

“FAREWELL, DEAR LAND, FAREWELL!”

WHAT a sense of contentment, what visions of ease
Steal over a passenger's mind, when he sees
The long line of table, one sweep of refection,
Which the mirrors, by means of a dual reflection,
Extend to a board of such noble proportion—
He blushes to think that he swore at extortion.
A field of white linen, a glitter of plate,
With floral devices (in fashion of late),
With gay-colored glasses in studied confusion,
And crystal and china complete the delusion.
And, although older travellers know, to their sorrow,
How the aspect of things will be changed on the mor-
row,
They join in the *fête*, and are heard to declare,
They expect a smooth passage, *et sans mal de mer*.

The steward, portly,
Goes starboard shortly,
With list of names,
To settle claims
To choice seats at the table ;
With practised vision,
And calm decision,

OVER THE SUMMER SEA.

And sundry fees,
He, by degrees,
Brings order out of Babel.

His manner stately,
Changes greatly,
As, leaving starboard,
He goes to larboard—
For who respects a *porter*?
With surly haste
The cards are placed,
And protestation
Is but vexation;
The bell cuts matters shorter.

Who cannot tell
The dinner bell
Wherever it may tingle?
Its welcome tone
None others own,
An appetizing jingle.

Unlike the sound
The rag-man's round
Proclaims in street and alley,
None think to look,
Except the cook,
Or lowly, love-sick Sally.

Unlike the light
“*Ting-ting*,” at night,
By one young miss expected;

Which old maids fear,
But long to hear,
For they are *belles* rejected.

Unlike the clang
That sends a pang
Through every nerve and sinew,
It means no meal,
You know, you feel
A dun has called to "skin" you.

No other bell
Is known so well,
As that which rings for dinner;
'T is understood
By rich and rude,
By saint as well as sinner.

In the midst of the general scrimmage and hurry,
The foremost and loudest had been Mr. Murray,
Whose causes for grievance, apparently boundless,
Had proved, one and all, to be utterly groundless,
Which must not against his good judgment be reck-
oned,

For his maxim in life was, "In nothing play second."
In the race for the seats, when the bell rang for din-
ner,
By considerably more than a neck he was winner.

The others had barely been seated, when he
Recognized an acquaintance in his *vis à vis*,
And without hesitation saluted him thus:
"Say, Russell, old fellow, how *did* you leave Gus?"

Mr. Russell looked up, and was greatly confused,
While his daughter looked on, and was highly amused.
He really could not for the life of him tell
Who it was that apparently knew him so well.
Since his marriage, and subsequent life at the West,
He had taken but little or no interest
In the doings and beings of bachelor days,
And so not a ghost of the past could he raise.
But while he was racking his business-like brain,
Mr. Murray addressed him in jocular vein :
“ You don’t mean to say you’ve forgotten the hairs
In the soup, that, in order to soften affairs,
We used to call rabbits—and how Gus, the fool,
Would swear, ‘ Dey ain’t mine, sah,
I’ve only got *wool* ’ ? ”

“ Why, Murray, my boy ! ” Mr. Russell exclaimed,
As he held out his hand, “ I am really ashamed
That my memory served me so shabby a trick,
While you knew me at once. You’re a regular brick !
And how goes the world, old fellow, with you ?
You know, in our young days, the coppers were few ;
But Providence favors us men at the West,
And now I can hold up my head with the best.
Mr. Murray, permit me—Miss Russell, my daughter.
I suppose that, although you have taken to water,
You are not a teetotaler ? Steward ! some wine !
I am glad you decided to go by this line.”

Mr. Murray had listened, and now and again
Had looked up and smiled, but his knife had not lain
For a moment in idleness. Now, less intent

Upon eating, he introduced Christopher Kent,
With a warmth and *empressement* that one would extend

To him who had long been an intimate friend,
While neither had heard of the other one's name,
Until the head steward reluctantly came

In response to their summons, to see if he knew
Who first bought the ticket for berth 92.

The wine being brought, the gentlemen drank
The toasts of "Lang Syne," "The Ship," "Captain
Vank ;"

And each time the glasses rose higher and higher.

Mr. Russell suggested, "Before we retire,
Mr. Murray's young lady I beg to propose—
The name we must leave to our friend to disclose."
Mr. Murray uplifted his glass, while he said,
"If Miss Russell will kindly permit me—"

Her head

Dropped in silence, she blushed and had made
Some excuse to retire, but feeling afraid
Of offending her father by slighting his friend,
She sat without raising her eyes till the end,
And so did not see Mr. Christopher Kent,
Who scowled at his neighbor, and longed to resent
The insult thus offered in friendship's disguise.
But great would have been Mr. Murray's surprise,
Had he dreamed the young lady or Kent would resent
it ;

For, of course he was jesting, and never had meant
it ;

He most likely presumed such a girl had a lover.

The passengers rose when the dinner was over ;
Some went to the deck for a breath of salt air,
And some to their rooms for the night to prepare.

Miss Russell's *compagnon de voyage* she found
Stretched out in her berth, her things scattered
around :

" Are you sick ? " Miss O'Donoghue lifted her eyes,
" Oh no ! *mais je pense*, it is best to be wise."

Miss Russell was quick the false tone to detect,
For *shoddy* she never had any respect,
But revelled in aiming the sharpest of wit
At every pretension, and laughed when it hit.
To put the case mildly, in more than one sense
Miss O'Donoghue's baggage was " simply immense : "
A huge " Saratoga," voluminous wraps—
Such as waterproof cloaks, and rugs done up in
straps—

Bonnet-boxes and hat-boxes, bags and valises,
A patent camp-chair with adjustable pieces,
Umbrellas and sunshades of every hue,
Till Miss Russell's one trunk was quite hidden from
view.

So she turned just as quickly as space would allow,
And said, with a formal attempt at a bow,
" I trust that my trunk will not be in your way ? "
Miss O'Donoghue roused herself slightly to say,
" *Pas de tout, pour le present*, if it is, without doubt
We can shift it, or something—in short, have it out."
" Have it out ? " said Miss Russell, then, feigning a
sigh,

" I should suffer, you know more of *boxing* than I."

Curiosity getting the better of pride,
Miss O'Donoghue moved, and attentively eyed
Her companion. She had on a blue travelling suit,
And a small jaunty hat, that was ever so cute.
The dress fitting close to her figure was made
So remarkably well, and the buttons and braid
Matched the cloth so exactly, she felt some surprise
And asked, "What *modiste*, pray, do you patronize?"
Miss Russell replied, "Well, a lady who lives
In our town, as a rule makes my dresses, but gives
Me a lesson sometimes—I am stupid and slow,
But I made this myself."

If a violent blow
Had been aimed at the fair Miss O'Donoghue's head,
It could not have stunned her more thoroughly. Led
By a fear of vulgarity, she muttered, "Indeed!"
Then picked up a book, and pretended to read.
Miss Russell controlled her desire to laugh,
And a still stronger longing to twit her with chaff;
But she said to herself as she went up on deck,
"I am afraid that she suffers from chronic stiff-neck.
Well, I pity the girl—though I know that is folly,
I'll be bound she has never been thoroughly jolly."

Darkness is slowly creeping over the cities' towers,
But on the western hill-tops the light will glow for
hours.

Sparks from celestial embers drop on the quiet bay,
In a moment the waves are flaming—they smoulder
and die away.

Black is the narrow river running down to the sea,
And the fire-flies are twinkling on its shores in every
tree.

Rolling in from the ocean, heavily wreathed with
white,
By the cool salt wind that hastens to the land on a
summer night,

Billows and waves and billows break on the yellow
sand,
And the vessel dips her colors as a gun is fired on
land.

Suddenly, from the towers, up on the wooded heights,
Like the signals from a castle, flash forth the High-
land Lights.

Out of the pale blue zenith, bashful, as children are,
Who long to be seen, yet hidden, there faintly shines
a star.

Gray and cold the horizon, ghostly the tall white
sail.

It has gone, like the phantom vessel in the old New
England tale.

Peace and a restful sadness come with the lengthened
swell,
As the ship is plunging seaward. "Farewell, dear
land, farewell!"

Mr. Russell was one of those men who maintain
That character reading is perfectly plain ;
As a matter of course, he was never deceived
(So he said, and most likely he firmly believed).
It was fortunate then for the person concerned
That something he fancied he clearly discerned
In the bright, handsome features of Christopher Kent.
So, when, after dinner, the gentlemen went
To the deck for a smoke in the cool evening air,
He joined the young man at the head of the stair,
And linking his arm, in a fatherly way,
Discoursed for awhile on the news of the day.
Kent apparently listened, but *certainly* his mind
Wandered far from the speaker, for—well, he had
dined,

And as fate and the steward ordained it had sat
Vis à vis with Miss Russell, and certainly that
Was sufficient excuse for his mental abstraction ;
The young lady, in short, was the counter-attraction.
But good listeners often gain credit for what
The speaker has said, when, as likely as not,
Their brilliant replies have been merely “ Oh no ! ”
Or “ Oh yes ! ” with, perhaps, for variety, “ So ? ”

Mr. French soon approached them, and asked for a
light,

And remarked, “ This is truly a beautiful night.”

The topic of weather is twitted as old ;
Like spinsters, the good it has done is untold,
Like them, it is often the butt of our fun,
Like them, it will do that which else were undone,

Like them, 't is peculiar—it must be confessed,
Its methods and actions can never be guessed ;
But what should we do if old maids and the weather
Should suddenly leave this poor world altogether ?
Who then would receive the young lover's confession ?

How then could we manage a needed digression ?
Or even approach a sedate-looking stranger ?
But Old Probabilities says there's no danger,
But as long as the heat and the frost shall contend,
And as long as the rain and the sunshine shall blend,
The weather will last ; and, as long, we 're afraid,
We shall laugh at and cherish the *genus* old maid.

This subject worn threadbare, worn clear to the bone,
Conversation took on a more personal tone.

MR. RUSSELL.

I suppose, Mr. French, you have travelled half round
The world once or twice, and this trip, I'll be bound,
Seems to you a mere nothing. To us it appears
The event of a lifetime. I think travelling clears
From the brain mental cobwebs—you know what I
mean,

It needs, as one's house does, an annual clean ;
And I think we might copy our newspaper men,
Who must need have clear heads, to make use of the
pen.

I believe I have managed the knot to unravel,
When I say, you owe this to the virtue of travel.
Am I right ?

MR. FRENCH.

Well, of course ; though I oftentimes think
One can travel too much. If the faculties shrink
By inaction, they can, by a change, be restored,
And the "virtue of travel" must not be ignored ;
But who can restore elasticity lost
By o'erstretching ? Then, have you computed the
cost
Paid by scholars to happiness ? Knowledge is pain.
A professional humorist never again
Can know the crisp sparkle and fillip of fun,
A trick is no trick if we know how 't is done,
There's monotony even of change and variety,
One can overdo anything, travel or piety,
One can eat too much, drink too much—there, I can
see
I have *talked* too much.

MR. RUSSELL.

No, sir, not so. I agree
With much you have said, though I freely confess
I know little about it ; but, nevertheless,
If travel will cure those who rust, I suppose
Rest will cure over-travel. Now, I would propose,
If this be your ailment, you marry, and then
Settle down, read no newspapers, bury your pen,
And perhaps that will cure you. Just try it.

MR. FRENCH.

You make

An error, believe me, indeed you mistake
A man's theories for his opinions. But say

That the case *is* my own—would your remedy lay
In the dust all ambition for fortune and name?
Even newspaper men have a longing for fame.

MR. RUSSELL.

I'll not answer for that, sir.

MR. KENT.

But I can. The seeds
Of Ambition, once sown, though it be among weeds,
Will o'ertop them. You may bury it deep,
And pile heavy stones on its grave—it will creep
To the surface again, and the thing you thought dead
Will haunt and appall you with infinite dread,
As the earnest of talent that, properly used,
Had led on to glory, but, crushed and abused,
Abandoned, or finally ruthlessly slain,
Has left in its stead that incurable pain
The sting of remorse. /

MR. RUSSELL.

Bless my heart! One would think
You a hoary old cynic.

MR. FRENCH.

Or given to drink.

But he spoke from experience as bitter and sad
As many a hoary old cynic has had.

There's a time in the boyhood of nine out of ten,
When they think they can never be happy again;
They plunge into pleasure with genuine zest,

They work without giving themselves any rest,
They talk about dying, and wish death were near,
They speak of the opposite sex with a sneer.
How long the low fever will last will depend
Upon the next woman they choose for a friend ;
For a *friend*—at the first, they are very exact
In giving the title ; and she, with a tact
That only a woman can hope to possess,
Accepts it, for value received, more or less ;
And, sooner or later, statistics will prove,
From friendship they surely will drift into love.

But Christopher Kent was cut off from the joy
That lifts into manhood the cynical boy.
The duty which fettered his brilliant young life
Compelled him to banish the thought of a wife.
He had loved, and, unless he was greatly deceived,
As a suitor he would have been gladly received ;
But that was beforehand—his friend loved her too,
With a love just as earnest, poor Christopher knew,
And pure as his own.

To ask her to wed

Some time in the future, when, looking ahead,
The prospect was duller, he thought it a sin,
So stepped to one side, and let his friend win.

And what was the trouble that darkened his life ?
For years it had been a continual strife
To conquer his tastes, and to bury his soul
In a work that he hated. The coveted goal
Of his boyhood and youth could never be gained ;
So ambition was deadened—there only remained

A strong sense of duty, a worry and fret
Over what he 'd relinquished, but could not forget.

From the time when, a merry young urchin, he went
To Barnum's Museum and Play-room, his bent
Had been most decided. His dream was, that he
An actor, a famous tragedian might be.
His training all tended to foster the same.
He went on the stage, and was making a name
Such as few débutants can expect, when the blow
That shattered his idol, and made him forego
His pleasure and hopes, left the future a blank,
Came upon him.

His father had served in a bank,
For twenty or thirty—it may have been more
Best years of his life—he was now past three-score,
And the managers told him he could not compete
With new men and new methods ; they wanted to
meet

The growing demands of their patrons, and so—
They were sorry, of course, but such changes, you
know,

Must come in the natural progress of trade.
The old man was stricken, no answer he made.
But Christopher, hot with the hot blood of youth,
Went to see them, to compromise matters, forsooth,
And did—for his father related with pride,
He was *asked* to come back ; but there, at his side,
Poor Christopher labored, and day after day
Smothered all his bright hopes, as he plodded away.
Week in and week out, and year after year,
He saw every chance of escape disappear ;

Too poor to indulge in society's revel,
Too proud and too faithful to go to the devil.

This trip was the gift of a kind-hearted friend ;
The bank gave him time, and a small draft to spend,
The one kindness shown him for many a year.
Is it strange he adopted a cynical sneer,
And doubted the justice of God or of man ?
Think of it, ye favored, then blame him who can.

To resume. While they talked, Mr. Murray had
 passed
And repassed them, again and again ; walking fast,
And still faster, as if he were running a race,
Increasing the length of his strides with his pace.
On his arm hung Miss Green, and her maidenly feet,
Accustomed to picking their way in the street
With a measured and decorous kind of placidity,
Now fluttered along with terrific rapidity.
At the turns she accomplished a hop, skip, and bound,
As the gentleman dragged her excitedly round,
And, blissfully ignorant aught was the matter,
Kept up a continual, voluble clatter,
Nor gave her the ghost of a chance to explain
The pleasure it gave her to walk, and the pain
It gave her to run.

But the topics he chose
Were *mal à propos*, and her gentle blood froze
With terror, for now it was shipwreck and fire,
Collisions with icebergs, then troubles more dire,
Such as mutiny, fever, explosions, and death,
Never stopping a moment for words or for breath,

Never thinking of rest, or proposing a seat ;
 He believed he was giving Miss Green quite a treat.
 Exhausted and breathless, she managed to say,
 As Miss Russell came up the companion way,
 " Won't you pl—ease take my pl—ace ? "

Mr. Murray stopped short,
 And offered his disengaged arm to escort
 Miss Russell, as well as Miss Green, for an airing,
 Explaining, " The captain has just past us, swearing
 Like one o'clock, so that Miss Green turned quite
 pale,
 And gave us strict orders to *crowd on more sail*."

" Then please, Mr. Murray," she said in reply,
 " Just crowd it on, won't you, and let me pass by ? "

Her father was smoking the smoke of the just,
 Unlike those who smoke because, sooth, smoke they
 must,
 To quiet the conscience by dulling the brain,
 Or those more unfortunate ones, to kill pain.
 He never had smoked while a lad, but had learned it
 Of late, for he felt that his hard work had earned it.

Mr. Kent rose to meet her, and said, " I declare,
 Here's Miss Russell—permit me"—he offered his
 arm.

" Do you care"—speaking now to her father—" if
 your daughter and I
 Take a walk ? "

“Not at all,” he replied; “well, good-by. Take care of her, Kent.”

So the two strolled away
To the stern of the ship, or “went aft” we should say.

They talked about music and painting, and then
Of modern essayists, and prominent men
Who had risen of late. Alas! poor young Kent
Began falling in love. The pale moonlight lent
A charm to his dream, with commendable grace,
As likewise the sea, the faint stars, and the place;
For when did the moon, or the stars, or the ocean
Fail to help a young man, once possessed with the
 notion
Of falling in love?

Yet, in spite of the pleasure
It gave him, he knew it was wrong—that at leisure
His judgment, his feeling of honor and right
Would accuse him of treachery. “Love at first sight!”
Was it possible? Love? Then a sense of chagrin
Swept over his soul. If it were, could *he* win
This lady? *He* ask her to marry him? Fool
That he was! without aught in the bank—but his stool
(That by common consent he had claimed for his own).
No future—the fate of his father had shown
The reward that would come to the faithful, at last.
“Strike out?” He had done so, but that was all
 past.

“O conscience, be silent, upbraid not to-night,
And let me enjoy, unalloyed, the delight

Of a union of soul with its own counterpart
In a woman ! I promise, in earnest, my heart
Shall not conquer my reason, or lead it astray.”
So he argued, and placed himself under the sway
Of passions he never had suffered before
To rise to the surface.

We build out the shore,
And think we have mastered the powerful tide,
But let the great torrents sweep down, and our pride
Is carried before it ; for back to its bound,
The water will rush, and the pitiful ground
Can oppose no resistance ; 't is as helpless as we,
Who cannot control either passion or sea.

Miss Russell was always accustomed to please,
And therefore with strangers was wholly at ease ;
She frequently flirted, but had no intent
Of trying her skill upon Christopher Kent.
But a woman who flirts, without meaning it *quite*,
Is by far the most dangerous—somehow, in spite
Of herself, she is charming ; a natural grace,
The glimpse of her soul that he sees in her face,
Bewitches the man ; let him fight as he will,
The web is elastic and fetters him still.

And so, as they leaned on the railing, she thought
Of the beauty of sky and of sea, he of naught
But *her* beauty and talent.

A pale yellow light
Still shone in the west, and above it two bright,
Rosy clouds, that soon darkened, and faded away,
Caught Miss Russell's attention.

“ Whenever the day
Dies like that,” she observed, “ a song I once read,
And remember with pleasure, comes into my head.
If you like, I’ll repeat it ; I think it is named
Chateaux en Espagne.”

If Miss Russell had aimed
To capture his heart, she would scarcely have found
A subject more fitting. Kent’s heart gave a bound,
And he stammered out, “ Thank you,” and so she
began
To recite, in a low, tender voice.

Thus it ran :

“ All the world is wrapped in glory,
May not I be happy, too,
Rest my head on crimson pillows,
Sail awhile o’er golden billows,
Of the future catch a view ?

“ In the dim, but sweet blue distance,
I see castles, tall and fair,
Gates are opened for my entry ;
While, with eager gaze, the sentry
Waits my coming through the air.

“ Entering, my eyes are dazzled,
Courtier knights around me stand,
Show the treasures they have brought me,
Tell how enemies that fought me
Have been vanquished by their hand.

“ On the walls my arms are blazoned,
Music sounds through marble halls,
While from fountains, ever playing,
All my weariness allaying,
One sweet shower of perfume falls.

“ What is that ? I hear a knocking,
As of waves against the door.
Ah ! the glory has departed,
And I drift back, broken-hearted,
For my castle is no more.”

At its close, Kent was lavish in praise ; for his ear,
Although pleased with the words, had admired the
clear

And musical voice, the correct modulation
And rightly placed accent. In truth, admiration
So made him forget, that he scarcely could hold,
His passion in bounds, and he nearly had told,
Then and there, that he loved her. The sound of a
bell

Brought him back to his senses, and broke the mad
spell.

The supper completed, the minutes flew fast,
And Miss Russell was glad when her father, at last,
Advised her to go to her room.

She was tired
With the novel excitement ; it therefore required
But very few words from the fair Miss O'D.
To rouse her to anger.

A person at sea,
To remain on good terms with all those on the ship,
From the day that it sails to the end of the trip,
Must either be void of combativeness, or
His digestion is better than when upon shore.
Miss O'Donoghue sneered about "some one's" *triste*
eyes ;
And in very plain language expressed her surprise
At her boldness for going on deck after dark.

Miss Russell was vexed, and this hint, like a spark
Let to fall upon tinder, caught, smouldered, and grew,
Till her anger was kindled. She wisely refrained
From giving it vent on the spot, but remained,
For a moment, just eyeing her over with scorn,
Then turned into bed, feeling tired and worn,
And lay awake, thinking how best she might be
Avenged for this insult. *Beware, Miss O'D.!*

The dull splash of waters, so heavy and deep,
When new to the landsman, forbids him to sleep ;
But soon it will soothe him, as when upon shore
A sweet voice will sing the same lullaby o'er
Many times ; but no language can ever explain
The charm of a sound—and again and again
The poets have failed—but in this they agree,
That an unexplained secret lies hid in the sea.

SCENE II.

A DISCOVERY AND A PLOT.

SCENE II.

A DISCOVERY AND A PLOT.

THE breath of the morn blows from windward to lee,
Fresh, cool, and salt with the spray of the sea ;
The water is blue, and the sky overhead
Is wooed by the sunlight. The faint flush of red
Grows deeper and stronger ; the wooer has won,
The maiden is vanquished, and day has begun.

The sails of a yacht Mr. Black calls " White Wings,"
But we wonder whatever he 'd call the vile things
They hoist on a steamer ? Perhaps he would crack
A joke at expense of himself, and say " Black."
However, a sail that had grown by degrees
To a nondescript color now flapped in the breeze.
The sea-gulls that followed the track of the ship,
Or took a salt bath without waiting to strip,
Were loud in expressing disgust, by their cries,
At the lateness of breakfast. 'T is said that time flies,
But when you are hungry, just say if you feel
The remark to be true, while you wait for a meal.

Three sailors were swabbing the deck ; two were tall,
Ungainly, and lanky, the third one was small.
The little one seemed to do most of the work,
Which the others were only too willing to shirk.

Mr. Murray appeared.

First he looked at the sun,
And seeing how high it was, started to run ;
We suppose with the primary view of attaining
A healthy sea appetite—his had been waning,
And he did not intend that the company should
Get the better of him—let them try if they could.
But his eye caught the swabbers ; he stopped, and
then said,
“ Mop harder, my men, wake those sluggards in bed,
But don't wet the decks so, or else they'll need wringing,
And what in the world do you mean by not singing ?
You call yourselves sailors, and yet sing no chorus
While swabbing the deck ; all the *real* sailors bore us
With long drawn-out part-songs. Heavens ! don't say
You sailors don't sing as they do in the play.”

Then the little man laughed as he said, “ Sing sir ? No,
And we have n't no words if we wished to do so.”
“ No words,” he exclaimed, with increased animation,
“ By Jove ! here's a chance for a grand inspiration.”
He drew from his pocket a note-book, and biting
His nails for a moment in thought, commenced writing.

In less than ten minutes, the words were completed,
And he said to the three merry sailors, who treated
The whole as a joke, “ Avast there, ye lubbers,
Ye hitherto songless, mute swabbers and scrubbers !
Here are words, and it only remains to be seen,
If you know the old ballad called ‘ God save the
Queen.’ ”

Then he snatched a mop-handle from one of the long,
Lazy swabbers, and, swabbing the deck, sang this
song :

Swabbing Song.

Far from our native land,
Bravely, with mop in hand,
 Scour we the seas ;
Rising at dawn o' day,
Faithful us works away,
'T ain't any youngster's play,
 'T ain't done with ease.

Over the dirty decks,
'Most like to break our necks,
 At it we keeps ;
Never a word we swear,
Bravely we do and dare,
Lots do land-lubbers care,
 Soundly they sleeps.

Under the British flag,
Or any other rag,
 Swabs we the same ;
Darn it ! no praise we get,
Darn it ! our feet gets wet,
'T is mighty hard, you bet,
 But we dies game.

At the end of the song, Mr. Murray observed
A rather old man, with an ample vest curved
Like a bow when the arrow is drawn to its tip,

With no beard, or whiskers, or hair on his lip,
To hide the defects of his face, which was red,
And round as the sun ; who, approaching him, said,
In a voice that was husky with ill-suppressed rage,
“ It surprises me, sir, in this civilized age,
To find any one who could wilfully sing
Such *bosh* to our national air ; ’t is a thing
Quite indecent ! Why, how would you like it, you
noodle,

If I sang Rule Britannia to your Yankee Doodle ? ”
“ I should like it immensely,” quite gravely said Murray,

“ The song would be greatly improved. What ’s your hurry ? ”

He exclaimed ; for the gentleman, stamping his foot,
With a growl, and a “ Hang your impertinence ! ” put
A respectable distance between them. “ By Jove ! ”
Said the short swabber, “ Ain’t he a peppery cove ? ”

“ They ’ve a stowaway for’ard, a strapping big fellow,”
Said a sailor. “ You ought to have heard the chap
bellow ;

He swore like a trooper. He’s six-foot, and strong
As a limburger cheese. You should just go along
To the steerage, and see for yourself if he ’s not.”
Murray let the mop fall, and was off like a shot,
Nearly killing the man with the paunch, who had
growled

At the chorus, by knocking him over. He howled
And shook his fat fist at the fleeing offender,
Then rubbed himself down where he felt the most tender.

Near the prow of the ship stood a small knot of men,
And as Murray drew near he heard one say, "D' ye
ken

Where ye are th' day, bairnie, an' where is yer hame?
Do ye ken if your mammy's aboard! What's yer
name?"

He elbowed his way past the speaker and there
Saw no dangerous stowaway, only a fair,
Flaxen-haired, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked, bright little
lad,

Five or six years of age, and respectably clad
In a plain braided suit, but his light hair was rough
And tangled, his collar was creased, and one cuff
Was spotted with tar, with which he was trying
Quite vainly to wipe off the traces of crying.

"Why, where did you find him?" said Murray,
"poor baby!"

"He's a stowaway, sir," said a sailor. "Eh, may-
be,"

Replied Murray with warmth, "he's so old, is he not?
Say, rather, a *stowed*-away. Here, little tot,
What's your name?"

"Tommy, sir."

"Tommy what? What's the other?"

"'Tain't *nuffin' a 'tickler*."

"Good; well, where's your mother?"

This started the tears. Murray stroked the boy's
hair,

And said, "Tommy 'Tickler, don't cry, my lad—there,
You'll make yourself sick. Come, get up, and stand.
Now! That's right—what a man!" Tommy put his
small hand

In that of his newly found friend, and the two
Went in search of the captain ; Tom minus a shoe.

Captain Vank was at breakfast, and at his right hand
The O'Donoghues sat, looking sea-sick but grand ;
The ladies in light morning wraps trimmed with lace.
The sea was so calm that not one had the face
To pretend to be sick. When Murray advanced,
Holding fast little Tom, many passengers glanced
With surprise at the soiled little urchin, who drew
Himself timidly back, shyly hiding from view
Behind Mr. Murray's long coat-tails. " Look here,"
Cried that gentleman, drawing the boy from the rear,
And tenderly lifting him up from the ground,
" Look here, Captain Vank, what your sailors have
found ! "

He told all he knew of the child, and his name—
" Tommy 'Tickler." " Now who," he went on, " is to
blame ?

Not the little one, captain. Come, what's your decree,
Will you pardon the baby, and let him go free ?
We can find room for Tommy with us, can't we, Kent ?
He can share my commodious berth. You consent ? "

" Mr. Murray," the captain replied, " I regret
To seem hard or unfeeling, but then you forget
He's a stowaway. I am responsible——"

" Stay ! "

Exclaimed Murray, " I guess we can somehow defray
The expense of his passage." He set down the lad,
Took out of his pocket the book that he had,
And wrote his own name at the top of the page,

Then, “\$2.00,” but changed it to *three*. “I engage,”
He went on, “every one here will add to the list,
Even you, Captain Vank; come, you cannot resist
The temptation.”

“I would,” said the captain, “but we
Have already found two stowaways. Can’t you see,
If I help one, I surely can hardly expect
The rest to obey, or show any respect?”

Indignation was written on every one’s face,
And some of them muttered, “A shame!” “A disgrace!”

Then Mr. O’Donoghue flourished his knife,
And called out, “Ten dollars, for me and my wife.”
“Ten dollars apiece?” Mr. Murray asked gravely.
The gentleman flushed, but he answered right
bravely,

“Of course! you could not suppose that I meant
A beggarly ten for the two?”

Mr. Kent

Reached out for the paper, to add his own name,
When the fair Miss O’D. said, “Put me down the
same
As papa and mamma.”

The list went the rounds,
Until Murray announced that he had “Twenty
pounds!”

“Which is one—hun—dred—dollars collected—not
bad!”

Said Mr. O’Donoghue, patting the lad
With a prim condescension. And lastly they sent
The paper along to the portly old gent,

Whose face became purple with rage, as he swore
That he paid all his rates and his taxes on shore,
His church tax, his poor tax, his school tax, and he—
By Jingo ! he *wouldn't* be taxed while at sea.

Miss Russell remarked *sotto voce* :

“ He prates,
For his tax-paying morals exclude *water* rates.”

The money subscribed was collected, and paid
At once to the captain. A portion was laid
Aside for investment for Tom's future use.
The captain attempted no further excuse
For his singular meanness. So Tommy remained
In Murray's own state-room. He rapidly gained
The love and the petting all freely bestow
On beautiful children, or children who know
Enough to be funny or saucy ; but let
The child be low-browed and low-born, we forget
That, perhaps, it is far more in need of a friend ;
It has always been so, will be so till the end
Of all time, we suppose. Tommy 'Tickler was fair,
And had, as it proved, a respectable share
Of wit and impertinence.

What is so grand
As a bright day at sea, just a few leagues from land ?
The water is witchingly blue, and the spray
Hides the wrinkles of laughter that over it play ;
The sky is an echo, in color, of sea ;
The adventurous gulls are gone mad with the glee ;
The sail on the main-mast is filled by the wind ;

The smoke is bewildered ; and, looking behind,
We see a broad pathway of pebble-like foam,
That leads, so we fondly imagine, to home.

The awning is spread, and the passengers search
For corners to lounge in, secure from a lurch ;
Some make an attempt to read novels, but no !
The raciest seem incontestably slow.
Like the beautiful imp that successfully won
Good St. Anthony's glance from his book, so the sun,
The white foam on the waves, the white gulls on the
wing,
The gay promenaders—in short, everything
Distracts their attention, and leads them to look
In every direction, save that of the book.

Unless a man really wishes to be
The butt of his fellows, he must, while at sea,
Get acquainted, be sociable ; so it falls out,
Introductions are plenty, or else done without.

Mr. Murray adjusts Miss O'Donoghue's chair,
And that haughty young lady, before she 's aware
Of the manifest *inconvenience* of the act,
Is talking and laughing with him, and, in fact,
With three or four others, who, wanting to hear
Mr. Murray's remarks, have shyly drawn near.

Miss Russell was happy that morning, for she
Had planned her revenge against fair Miss O'D.
As she walked past that lady, she purposely leant
In a fond, languid way on the arm of young Kent.

A few minutes later she might have been seen
Promenading the deck with the sad Mr. Green ;
And then, some one else. Miss O'Donoghue saw
The change in her escorts, and hastened to draw
An arrow of wit that should strike at the heart
Of Christopher Kent, whom, sitting apart,
Mr. Murray had striven in vain to include,
More than once, in the group—but Kent feared to
intrude.

Miss O'Donoghue's wit fell decidedly flat,
For Murray remarked, " Why, joking like that
Brings back to my mind a tale that I heard,
And believe in as true, although rather absurd."

" Do tell it," the company cried. So, with face
As grave as a judge in a criminal case,
And a tone that defied a correct imitation,
He proceeded at once to recite this narration :

The Nine Suitors.

" A British ship at anchor lay
In the harbor of New York ;
The stevedores were packing her
With Yankee beef and pork.
Nine slim young men went up the plank,
And they were tall and good ;
But none of them had ever loved,
They said they never would ;
But whether they would n't,
Or whether they could n't,
Or their mothers said they should n't,
The world will never know.

“ The passengers were all on board,
The vessel got up steam,
And floated down the river, like
The—ah—something of a dream.
A pretty girl came up on deck
And near the railing stood ;
She never loved a fellow-man,
And said she never would ;
But whether she could n’t,
Or whether she would n’t,
Or her father said she should n’t,
The world will never know.

“ The nine young men stood in a row,
Each trying not to stare,
The lady looked embarrassed, and
They offered her a chair.
The nine young swells were very rich,
And it was understood
That each of them could marry
Whatever girl he would ;
But whether he could n’t,
Or whether he would n’t,
Or the lady said he should n’t,
The world will never know.

“ So things went on as usual,
The weather soon grew thick,
The nine young men were gallant,
The pretty girl was sick ;
She certainly was charming,
When they brought her dainty food,

‘ I ’d eat it all now really
And truly if I could ; ’
But whether she could n’t,
Or whether she would n’t,
Or her stomach said she should n’t,
The world will never know.

“ The nine young men came up on deck,
Each in his Sunday clo’es,
And went abaft the wheel-house,
In order to propose ;
The lady had no preference,
But said that, if she could,
She’d marry every one of them,
But it was n’t any good ;
But whether she could n’t,
Or whether she would n’t,
Or that custom said she should n’t,
The world will never know.

“ The lady asked the captain how
She ever should decide ?
Said he, ‘ The love of those young men
Should certainly be tried.’
So, when they all were present,
She fell into the sea,
And eight of them jumped after her,
The ninth—oh where was he ?
Now whether he could n’t (jump),
Or whether he would n’t (swim),
Or the captain said he should n’t (try),
The world will never know.

“ Once fairly out of the water, she
Went up to him, and said,
‘ Dear sir, you are a solid man,
And have a level head ;
So, without further parley,
Or hint of a pretence,
I agree to marry you, sir,
For you have common-sense.’
So her father said he could n’t,
And her mother said she would n’t,
And the captain said he should n’t
Refuse to give consent.”

“ Bravo ! ” cried the gentlemen, “ give us some more.”
Miss O’Donoghue feebly responded “ *Encore.* ”
But Murray declined to continue, and said,
“ I must see if that carpenter fellow is dead ;
He promised to cut some fresh boards, and a cue ;
That was hours ago. I suppose all of you
Play shuffle-board. Oh, you can quickly learn how !
I ’ll shuffle him overboard—there he comes now ! ”

Mr. Murray went off to attend to the game,
When Miss Russell, approaching him, called him by
name.

She felt half ashamed of the ill-natured slight
She had offered to him on the previous night ;
Moreover, she needed some help in the plan
Of revenge, and she saw, in this Murray, the man
To make it successful ; and women all know
That, if to the opposite sex they would show

Some mark of their favor, the surest and best
Is to put their executive gifts to the test.
In short, if they wish for devotion, to win it
They keep their admirer employed every minute.

MISS RUSSELL.

You are one of my father's old friends ?

MR. MURRAY.

I suspect
I can claim longer friendship than you.

MISS RUSSELL.

Quite correct.
Now the friends of my father are mine. In a sense,
His *old* friends are also my *old* friends, and hence,
You're an old friend of mine, and will prove it, I'm
sure.

MR. MURRAY, *bowing*.

As a family relic regard me secure.

MISS RUSSELL.

Oh, thanks ! What I want you to do for me now
Is to aid me in vengeance.

MR. MURRAY.

With pleasure, but how
Will you have it—you must have a choice, hot or
cold,
Id est, powder or steel ? And you have not yet
told—
Not that that matters much, whom it is you propose
I shall victimize.

MISS RUSSELL.

Thank you ; your readiness shows
That you understand perfectly.

MR. MURRAY.

I now can proceed,
From a knowledge of detail, to do the base deed.

MISS RUSSELL.

But you first must inform me, sir, whether or no
You like Miss O'Donoghue?

MR. MURRAY.

Let me bestow
A moment's reflection, I beg. Altogether,
Politeness would bid me reply to that, "whether."
But I candidly answer you "No." And is she,
That pink of perfection, the victim to be?

MISS RUSSELL.

That "pink of perfection"! Mr. Murray, last night
She insulted me dreadfully, out of sheer spite ;
I need not repeat what she said, but I long
To be neatly revenged. Oh, I know it is wrong,
So you need n't look horrified, sir! You have seen
What a "shoddy" she is, and her slovenly mien,
In spite of her riches. She toadies to wealth,
She pretends to be sick, yet has excellent health,
She is seldom on deck, lest the water may drench
Her fine clothes, and she drags that contemptible
French
Into all that she says.

My idea is this :

Between her and us “commoners” yawns the abyss
Of sham aristocracy. Let us interweave
Fact with fiction, and lead her thereby to believe
That a real English lord who has been to the States
Is returning *incognito*. Add that he hates
With such superfine hatred things rude and uncouth,
That, although he had travelled from England, for-
sooth,
To judge for himself of the odium and scandal
Attached to our stocks, he selected “Pan Handle”
As the only one fit to invest in. Then pause,
And when she asks why—as she will—say, because
“Pan” was ancient enough to be good, and the name
Had a *handle*. You’ll see, though the joke may be
tame,
She will swallow it readily. Have you observed
A young English passenger ?

MR. MURRAY.

Paunch somewhat curved,
Head round as a pumpkin, face red as a rose ?
Yes, I know him, for we have had words, nay more—
blows.

MISS RUSSELL.

Oh, I do not mean that one ; *his* name, do you know,
Is not on the list of the passengers, so,
Since his size is so great, let us style him, I pray,
“Mr. X—‘*unknown quantity*’” that is to say.
But the one I refer to is handsome and tall,
And he speaks with that lazy, ridiculous drawl
Peculiar to young men of rank and gentility,

Who belong to, or imitate England's nobility.
His name is Hugh Spencer. Get him to consent
To enact pseudo-grandeur, to any extent ;
We need tell no falsehood, but brag now and then
Of what he could do, if he chose to.

MR. MURRAY.

Amen.

MISS RUSSELL.

You will help me ?

MR. MURRAY.

With pleasure.

MISS RUSSELL.

And say, do you think

Mr. Spencer will help us ?

MR. MURRAY.

Yes, indeed, and the "pink
Of perfection" had better beware, for her fate
Is ordained.

MISS RUSSELL.

I believe she will snap at the bait,
And I think Mr. Spencer looks waggish enough
To appreciate fun.

MR. MURRAY.

Yes, he's made of good stuff,
I am sure, for I asked him five minutes ago
Whether he had been pleased with our country—as
though
It was some patent nostrum, and I was collecting

Testimonial letters to puff it. Reflecting
 A moment, he said, " Well, the country 's all right
 And the natives remarkably kind and polite,
 But the cities, you know, are so shockingly planned,
 And those deuced straight streets I weally can't stand.
 New York is the best—well, the old part, I mean—
 Although horribly kept, as regards being clean.
 But I managed to lose my way there, and you see
 I felt *quite at home*."

MISS RUSSELL.

He's our man *cap à pie*,
 As the " pink of perfection " would say.

MR. MURRAY.

Oui, adieu
À son grandeur, mon amie, vous serat plus heureux.

After luncheon, the hours wore slowly away,
 In spite of the novels, the work, and the play,
 Which one and another successively tried,
 And also successively threw to one side.
 They hailed with delight the significant smell
 Of the soup, and went frantic at sound of the bell.

The captain since morning had been in disgrace,
 But now he apparently strove to efface
 The verdict that many had freely expressed,
 And so, after dinner, appeared at his best ;
 And while, at its finish, the passengers waited,
 With a half-suppressed yawn, he this story related :

The Land-Lubber.

“ When the wind roars through the cordage, an’ the
breakers are ahead,
When the ragged clouds above us are as heavy as of
lead,
An’ the thunder-bolt falls hiss’in’ in the water close
at hand,
While we battle with the tempest, lads, we think of
those on land.

“ God help land-lubbers all of ’em — white-livered
souls they be,
Who quake an’ shake whene’er the wind is blowing
out at sea ;
They little know the pleasure of a tussle with the gale ;
Just let the window rattle, Lor’, they tremble and
turn pale.

“ There’s some that may have grit in ’em, of that I
have no doubt,
But then it takes salt water for to draw the true grit
out ;
Yet I know of one land-lubber who, I think you ’ll all
admit,
Under influence of salt water, displayed the proper
grit.

“ It happened in September, lads, an’ every man who
sails
Knows that ’s the time o’ year we catch the equinoc-
tial gales.

We'd seen some dirty weather, but we thought to
pull her through,
For there were n't a better cap'n, no, nor yet a better
crew.

“ But, just as we were reck'nin' that we'd make land
in a week,
One night the watch reported that the ship had sprung
a leak.
All hands were piped on deck, an' the pumps were
worked with will,
But tho' we pumped for life the water gained upon us
still.

“ An' so the cap'n ordered us to cut the boats
adrift,
An' swore that every sailor for himself would have to
shift ;
Says he, ‘ See to the women first, or damned be every
knave
Who saves himself, may he be lost on both sides of
the grave.’

“ So, one by one, the life-boats were lowered down
the side,
Were filled, an' cut adrift an' borne away upon the
tide ;
The last was full to sinking when the cap'n stepped
aboard,
An' says, says he, ‘ All safe, so far, pull off, an' thank
the Lord.’

“Just then our hearts were froze, lads, for a woman
with a child

Came to the vessel's side, lads, by terror driven
wild.

‘For God’s sake save my babe!’ she cried, ‘an’ don’t
mind saving me.’

But then the boat could hold no more—there were n’t
no room, you see.

“At that, that young land-lubber (I believe a parson’s
son),

A dandy who had al’ays been the butt of every one,
Says he, ‘I’ve naught to live for, I have sundered
every tie,

I’ll make room for the two of ’em. God bless you
all. Good-by!’

“Before a man could stop him he had dived beneath
the waves

(The only kind of tombstone over lots of comrades’
graves).

We saved the mother an’ the child, but, Lor’, our
hearts were sore

For that brave-hearted lubber wot we never seen no
more.

“An’ of’en when the north wind beats all the sea to
foam,

An’ I am thinking sadly of the lass I’ve left at home,
I think of that land-lubber an’ again I hear him cry,

‘I’ll make room for the two of ’em. God bless you
all. Good-by!’”

When the evening was rapidly changing to night,
In the wake of the Empress the foam gleamed more
 white,
And a dull yellow star now lifted, now sank
In the swirl of the waves 'neath the rudder. The
 clank
Of the chain grew more ghostly, the faint cloud of
 spray
Rose up like a spirit—the horizon was gray,
East, west, north and south, though the day had
 been clear,
And the stars shone but faintly ; the fog-banks were
 near.

The mermaids are holding in deepest sea-caves
A holiday revel, and o'er the dark waves
The stars and the rockets sent up from below
Are flashing and bursting, and colored lights glow
For a moment, then pale in the great surface-gloom.
Say, was that the stroke of the screw, or the boom
Of the reveller's cannon, that dull heavy sound ?
In the roar of the waters its echo is drowned.

Like a finely cut lens is the stillness of night.
What seemed of no moment when viewed in the light
Deep darkness reveals to the awe-stricken soul
To be instinct with beauty or horror, the whole
Being governed by laws unchanging, defined.
We bow to the mystical power of mind.

So Christopher Kent, through the long quiet day
Had fancied his passions were under his sway,

But now all his scheming was planned for this end—
To gain in Miss Russell a true life-long friend.
But at night, when alone he looked into the sea,
The truth flashed upon him—this never could be.
Better far would the ice of indifference prove
Than the warmth of mere friendship in place of her
love.

He must leave her forever.

He measured his pace
To fit the sad words, when with bright smiling face
Miss Russell passed by him with short saucy bow.
He turned in a moment. 'T is wonderful how
When the heart and the head are at variance, let
The subject at issue be suddenly set
Confronting the two for an instant decision,
The heart gives the word with unerring precision.

Miss Russell was brimful of frolic and fun ;
The trick on the fair Miss O'D. was begun.
She told him the joke. But a serious mood
Still possessed him. And thus, when she spoke of a
feud,

And revenge for an insult, the jest passed him by.
He took it in earnest, and said in reply :

“ A wound from the keen edge of satire soon
heals,

But a joke that is senseless, or worse, that conceals
Sheer malice beneath a false sparkle of wit,
Jags the spleen that it rankles ; the passionate fit
In a man may die out, in a woman it burns
For revenge. She simulates friendship, but turns
For the blow.”

There is nothing so galling on earth
As to say something smart, something really worth
A good laugh, and to have it fall hopelessly flat,
It annoys like the poisonous sting of a gnat.
Miss Russell felt angry, and said,

“ I'll engage
Quite a fortune if ever you go on the stage
As the ‘ Crushed.’ I presume, Christopher Kent,
Since you can't see a joke you are Scotch by descent.”
Then he saw his mistake, but the mischief was
done ;

When he joked in return, she was grave as a nun.
How he cursed his stupidity ; vainly he strove
To regain his lost footing, and with skill interwove
Mirth with pathos, and finally said in despair,
“ ‘ Chateaux en Espagne ’ I can only compare
To a beautiful dream that will haunt through the
day.”

“ Like that ‘ Punch, brothers, punch ’ of Mark Twain's,
I dare say.”

“ Well, not quite. I have written a sequel. I know
It has none of the warmth of the other, the glow
Has gone out of the west, and I candidly own
The poem is thoroughly morbid in tone.

But I claim for the verses the merit of truth,
Though perhaps you, enjoying the dreams of a youth
Unclouded, or clouded with crimson and gold,
Will call it in question. The story is old,
As everything is that is wretchedly true.
To Adam alone disenchantment was new.”

“ I never believed in a preface,” she said ;
“ Yours proves no exception, so please go ahead.”

He recited the lines without further remark,
The frown on his face being hid by the dark :

After Many Years.

“ On the beautiful ‘ Isles of the Golden Mist ’
That we saw in the sunset’s glow,
Stately castles we all have built,
In the years so long ago.

“ We have travelled far on life’s weary road
And have tried our hopes to forget,
But looming up in the deep’ning gloom
We see our castles yet.

“ No sentry watches our footsteps slow,
We knock at the rusted gate,
And hear the bolts, by a feeble hand
Undrawn, as we stand and wait.

“ The marble hall is cold, and sends
A sting through our blistered feet ;
The cupid, from whose dimpled hand
Once fell such odors sweet,

“ Lies broken and stained at the fountain’s base,
And the minstrels we thought to hear
Are gone, but their harps, with jarring strings,
Are scattered far and near.

“ I pass the armor and pictured walls,
I look for a holy shrine ;
The noble face of the one I loved,
Who only in thought was mine,

“ Is above the altar, my chosen saint,
To whom I would dare to pray.
I pluck a leaf from the bitter-sweet
Round the picture, and turn away.

“ I lay it close to my aching heart,
I kiss it and bathe it with tears ;
Poor soul, 't is the one sweet gift to thee
After the hopes of years.

“ The night is deep'ning, I must be gone ;
Farewell to Castle Despair.
I turn again to the dusty road,
I am going—stranger, where ? ”

MISS RUSSELL.

“ Do you wish me to answer the question ? If so
You must cease to regard me as a stranger.”

The low
Sweet voice thrilled like music.

MR. KENT.

“ Yes, though I 've no right
I ask for an answer—pray, give it to-night.”

“ You have left,” she said softly, “ the Castle Despair,
Why not level the walls—'t is a castle of air ?
Faint heart never won a fair lady or fame.
If you wish wealth or honor establish your claim.
Perseverance is surely the keystone of luck,
And fortune must favor the man who has pluck.”

He felt in a moment a strong sense of power,
And replied,

“ I will earnestly strive from this hour—
I will prove if the poets have all of them lied,
And no longer will leave any pathway untried.
God bless you ! ”

He tenderly lifted her hand,
Then kissed it, and wondered, “ Will she understand ? ”

SCENE III.

OFF THE BANKS.

SCENE III.

OFF THE BANKS.

“WHY who 's been a-washin'?” said Tommy, next day ;

The air, and the sea, and the vessel were gray
With thick, clammy mist ; and the deep-throated
horn

Was doing its utmost to frighten and warn.

The captain was pacing the deck, and the men

Were silent and watchful ; again and again

They lowered the bucket, and questioned the sea,

To know where the army of icebergs might be ;

For the wind was so chill, it was proof they were near,

Creeping up under ambush of fog, to appear

Right ahead of the bow, and with deadliest shock

To split the great ship as if struck on a rock.

Of the passengers, many were thoroughly sick ;

The others considered the weather too thick

For pleasure on deck, so the few who were able

Brought pens, ink, and paper, and sat at the table.

Some opened those books with the neatly lined pages,

That once in his lifetime each person engages

To write up most faithfully—let us be just,

Not more than nine-tenths of us stop in disgust.

Miss Russell, with Christopher Kent *tête à tête*,
Was writing a letter as follows :

“ DEAR KATE—

The length of this letter will wholly depend
On the length of the fog, but it seems to extend
To the confines of space, and for thickness—I might
Add for breadth, weight, and density, color and
height—

'T is the foggiest fog I have seen ; so I may
By the time I have finished be wrinkled and gray.
When you see any word underlined, don't suppose
That I meant to italicize ; every one knows
How one's pot-hooks and hangers get mixed while at
sea—

The dash is an effort I make to cross ' T.'
The vessel is dreadfully *full*, so no wonder
It rolls. If I make an occasional blunder
Please credit the ship, for it upsets my notions
With its very erratic and violent motions.

“ The compartments on board are called staterooms,
you know ;

Until lately I knew not the reason, but oh !
I found from my own, when I first grazed my skin,
It is merely because of the state they are in.
A young lady of wealth, Miss O'Donoghue, claims
Three-quarters of mine. She is fertile in names
For your friend, if I dare to indulge in a joke ;
It is really enough any saint to provoke.
And so, I have planned a revenge.

I let slip,
 In a casual way, that we had on board ship
 An Englishman, who, from his dignified airs,
 We believed was a nobleman. Not that she cares
 For a title, oh no! Kate, you ought to have seen
 How she primped herself up, how she altered her
 mien,
 How she made his acquaintance, and languished and
 sighed,
 If he left her a moment, and finally cried
 Because he just spoke to a lady. His name
 Is Hugh Spencer, a drummer, but still, all the same,
 He acts out the jest to perfection.

Last night,
 I chanced to be near them on deck, out of sight,
 But could hear all they said. It was something like
 this:

SHE.

“ ‘Eh *bon*! then the duchess is witty?’ ”

HE.

“ ‘Yes, miss.

Oh, the great are all witty! There’s Bertie, I mean
 His Highness, the Prince, eldest son of the Queen,
 And heir to the throne, when his money runs low,
 Gives his right royal pockets a thundering blow,
 And says, with a *naïveté* charming to hear,
 And in right royal accents deliciously clear,
 “I wish that England would expect this day,
 Each man to do his duty, and his duty pay.” ”

“Then he spoke of the latest society play,
 And mentioned, as in a most casual way,

His box at the opera, spoke of his horse,
Which ran in the Derby, as matter of course,
His uncle, the Bishop, his honorable cousins,
And other most noble relations, by dozens.
His sneers at America made me feel hot ;
I was tempted to answer him there on the spot,
But quickly determined my anger to choke,
For the sake of an excellent practical joke.
To-day Miss O'Donoghue hugs the delusion,
And looks upon me as a wretched intrusion,
Whenever I venture our room to invade.
The stewardess might be her own private maid,
From the way she employs her. She delivered a note
To Mr. Hugh Spencer. I wish I could quote
From that document—well, I've no doubt,
That sooner or later the truth will leak out,
But I hope it will last for a number of days ;
I'd like it to take a most serious phase.

“ Mr. Murray—a friend of papa's, as it seems,
In his bachelor days—has abetted my schemes.
He's a host in himself, and the good-will has won
Of all those on board. He is full of his fun,
And vows that when next the young lady shall speak
In French, he will answer in Latin or Greek.
He is good, I am sure, for he takes all the care
Of a poor little boy—after giving his share
Toward his passage. The youngster was found
Stowed away on the ship. Mr. Murray went round
To each one in person and quickly obtained
Enough for the voyage, and something remained.

“ The man that I think you 'd be apt to like best
Is one Mr. French. His name might suggest
A nature quite different to his. He is gruff
And outspoken, though kindly enough
When kindness is needed. He's very well read,
And certainly carries a clear, level head.
He's a writer and critic, and puts me in fear
Lest I should sometime in his novel appear,
Not as heroine, oh, bless you, no ! I admire
His caustic remarks, and I never shall tire
Of hearing him row with the steward or Boots,
Who brings the wrong gaiters—to him he imputes
Every evil design that a boy could invent,
And warns him, in thundering tones, to repent
Of his sins, ere he wretchedly perish at sea,
And Boots is as frightened as boy can well be.

“ I've forgotten to tell you of Christopher Kent,
A handsome young fellow, but not worth a cent,
To judge from his clothes, which are shabby though
neat ;

He's ' a gentleman born,' from his head to his feet.
I think he admires ' Yours truly,' but then
We are not at all likely to see him again,
When the voyage is over. He lives at the East,
Never saw our dull town, and he has not the least
Desire to do so, I think. Well, my heart
Was long ago broken. 'T is mended in part,
I suppose, or I never could fairly be jolly.
The ring ? Now don't laugh at your old schoolmate's
folly.

I have it, and kissed it the first night at sea,

But then you know, Kate, *that* is never to be,
And so I've resolved, at least I've a notion,
To bury the ring in the depths of mid-ocean ;
Romantic, but sensible, do you not think ?
Heigho ! there's a lurch and there goes my ink."

" You'll excuse me, Miss Russell," said Christopher
Kent,

As she finished, " while you have been writing, I've
spent

An hour in vainly attempting to bring
My thoughts into focus to make——"

" Will you sing,"

Said the sad Mr. Green, " will you sing us a song ? "

Here a neighboring chess-player cried, " No, you're
wrong,

I took it, I tell you ; go on with the game."

" Make less noise, if you please, you can play all the
same,"

Said the fat Mr. X, who was trying to read
A statistical essay, but failed to succeed ;

" What's a pawn here or there ? One would think
you were geese."

" That is right," exclaimed French, " make them both
keep the *piece*."

Bang went Tom at the piano ; a bird in a cage
Went mad with delight. Mr. X, in a rage,
Slammed his book on the table, and wrathfully
swore

He'd report every man-Jack-alive when ashore.

Lounging lazily round, other passengers tried
To live through the morning till lunch should provide
A way of salvation from *ennui*. An air
Of mutual misery, family care,
Seemed resting on every one.

“ Please sing a song,”
Said the sad Mr. Green, once again.

“ Pitch it strong
If you do,” Mr. Murray said, taking a seat,
“ Or we sha’n’t hear a word. You’ll do well if you
beat

That remarkable youth now performing ; that child
Is a positive genius (putting it mild).
You’d have laughed, when I asked him a minute
ago

His age. He said, swaying himself to and fro,
With his hands in his pockets, ‘ My mamma says
five,

But I say I ’m six ! ’ Can’t we somehow contrive
To get up a game.” Mr. Green said again,
“ Won’t you please sing a song ? ” but he still begged
in vain.

“ Is the fog clearing off ? ” asked Miss Russell. “ Oh
no ! ”

Replied Murray, quite cheerfully, almost as though
He enjoyed it. “ I heard a good story to-day
Of Commodore Judkins, a man whom they say
Disliked being bothered with questions. One night
Some ladies—their sex takes especial delight
In propounding such riddles, no masculine head
Can possibly guess them—‘ O Captain,’ they said,

‘Is there *always* fog here at the Banks?’ ‘I don’t know,
I don’t live here,’ he said.” “I heard that years ago,”

Exclaimed fat Mr. X. “Won’t you please sing a song?”

Pleaded sad Mr. Green. “Oh yes, do, for we long
For a change of performance,” said Christopher Kent;

“Tommy’s energy surely must be well-nigh spent.
He’s a forcible player, good, once in a while,
But it’s tiresome hearing too much in one style.”

Miss Russell arose, put her letter away,
And proceeded at once a fantasia to play.
She was not a genius and did not pretend
To musical flights, daring swoops from one end
Of the much-abused instrument down to the other.
She liked to hear classics, but thought that the bother
Of learning to play them must outweigh the pleasure,
Unless one had plenty of tiresome leisure—
But played what she played with expression and
skill.

“Won’t you please sing a song?” “If you wish it I will,”

Miss Russell replied, and the sad Mr. Green
Almost smiled, and assumed a most gratified mien.
A ripple of notes, then a blending of chords,
And she sang, in a low, plaintive minor, these words:

The Secret.

“ A wild rose grew on a tall gray cliff,
By the side of a lonely sea,
And sighed, ‘ I could be so happy, if
The secret would come to me ;
And why should the wind and the cruel sea,
Know what the fates have denied to me ?

“ ‘ The pine-trees whisper, they know it well,
And the sea moans a low reply,
Then why should the wind be afraid to tell,
And answer me but with a sigh ?
And why should the forest, the wind, the sea,
Know what the fates have denied to me ? ’

“ Two lovers came to the tall gray cliff,
And looked on the lonely sea ;
He said, ‘ Ah, my love, I am happy, if
A token you ’ll give to me.’
And the wild rose flung out its perfume free,
For she said, ‘ It is coming, now, to me.’

“ The maiden stooped to the sweet wild rose,
While her tears fell down like rain,
‘ Ah, love, a lover only knows
How much of love is pain.’
And the wild rose sighed, ‘ Farewell, O sea,
The secret at last has come to me.’ ”

Above the expressions of thanks and applause
Was heard Tommy 'Tickler's small voice, without
pause,

Exclaiming, "Let *me* sing, let *me* sing, let me——"
"He's a genius, that boy is," said Murray with glee.
"Go ahead, Señor Tommy, Miss Russell will play."
So the youngster commenced without further delay:

"Oh I'm a little Welshman,
My name is Davy Jones,
I'd be very fond of cod-fish,
If it was n't for the bones,
While as to beef and taters,
They're nothing to Welsh rabbits,
An' if a man likes good Welsh ale,
He's got the best of habits."

All laughed, save the sad Mr. Green; he, poor man,
Never saw a decanter, beer-pitcher, or can,
Or heard doctors order their patients to take
Any spirit to ease a sharp pain or dull ache,
Or read the account of a vintage of wine,
Without a cold shiver affecting his spine;
And here was a baby discoursing in song
Of the goodness of ale—it was shamefully wrong,
It was scandalous, it was a horrible verse,
It was wicked, and then, to make matters still worse,
His elders had shown approbation. "I think,"
He said, looking around him, "the subject of drink
Is one that should call for abhorrence. O boy!
The liquor you praise in your song will destroy
The brain of a man. *Good* Welsh ale, oh, for shame!
Let it ever, from this time, become your one aim
To try and forget the bad song."

“ Let him be ! ”

Mr. Murray exclaimed, quite enraged ; “ don’t you see

You have made the child cry ? don’t go poking your nose

Into others’ affairs ; keep your sermons for those
Who at least understand, or, to my way of thinking,
You will make folks believe you yourself have been
drinking.”

If this scene had continued at length, we suppose,
Hotter words would have led in due season to blows,
But o’er the contestants and listeners a chill
Ran all of a sudden—the vessel was *still*.

Like the heart of a man pulsing heavy and deep,
Unnoticed when healthful, awake or asleep
The engines work on—let a motion but swerve,
And a terror will tingle through every nerve.
Each heart, as if signalled, replies to the shock.
“ Is the vessel aground ? ” “ Has she struck on a
rock ? ”

“ Has she come in collision with ice, or with ship ? ”
Such questions as these sprang to every lip.

All rushed to the stairway, some sorely concerned
With their personal safety ; but Christopher turned,
Quick as thought, to Miss Russell. She stood with
one hand

Outstretched, as if giving the word of command
For order, the other lay pressed on her heart,
To prevent it from throbbing too wildly. Apart

From the attitude, nothing denoted alarm ;
But when Christopher Kent laid his hand on her arm,
And said, " Come on deck—come at once—don't
stand here ! "

She trembled, but not from a feeling of fear.

There are times in our lives when we cannot conceal
From the dullest observer the passion we feel ;
Brief moments when soul can read soul—when the
mind

Grasps a secret, and reads with eyes hitherto blind ;
When one counted as brave by a look betrays fear,
Or we find a life's history told in a tear ;
The lover discloses, by glance or by tone,
The love that he wished to continue unknown.

So when Christopher said, " Come at once—don't
stand here ! "

Miss Russell turned pale, for her sensitive ear
Heard more than the words. In an instant she *knew*
That he loved her. She did not love him, it is true,
For although she admired in secret, she thought
That, possessed of such person and talents, he ought
To aspire to something, display an ambition
To rise from his present dependent position ;
To be somebody, do something, act and achieve ;
To " let the dead bury the dead " (not to grieve
For the past), till, at length, he would have to confess,
Even failure may point out the road to success.
But because of one blow, to prepare for another,
Like a shuttle-cock weighted ; to wilfully smother
The fire of ambition, because an ill-wind

Blew the smoke in his eyes—it appeared to her mind
Moral suicide, murder of intellect. No !
Though an apple-tree break into blossom and throw
Its perfume abroad to the breeze, if the sun,
Seeking apples in season to redden, finds none,
It falls on a beautiful cheat. And a man
Who is gifted in wit and in person, who can,
If he will, achieve greatness, yet fails to succeed,
Is a beautiful cheat. And to wed such an one
To her seemed sheer folly. But the evil was done—
And he loved her.

The first words that rose to her lip
Were, “ I need no assistance, sir, thank you, the ship
Is not sinking at present,” and Christopher Kent,
Feeling hurt by her coldness, bowed slightly, and
went
By himself to the deck.

There the passengers stood
In groups, laughing and chatting as loud as they
could,
Each trying to prove that he had not shown fear,
But had gone to see whether the weather was clear ;
And the reason he travelled so fast up the stairs
Had had nothing to do with the state of affairs.

The vessel lay placidly floating, as though
It was quite in the order of things to do so ;
And, soon after, the engines were throbbing again,
And all was serene. It was perfectly plain
That at present the life-boats would not be required,
Although nobody knew what had really transpired.

“ But what did they stop for ? ” asked Kent.

“ Well, they say,”

Replied Murray, “ it was to inquire the way.”

“ Oh, not so ! ” exclaimed French, “ but the gulls lagged behind,

It was merely that they might catch up with us.”

“ Kind

Of the captain,” said one, “ but I don’t believe it. I think It stopped to get—pardon me, ladies—a drink.”

This formed the chief topic all day, added zest
To existence, and furnished a subject for jest,
And, in fact, proved a godsend.

When dinner was over,

Mr. Russell said, “ Captain, no one can discover
What we stopped for to-day. One passenger said
The propeller was broken. I often have read
Of that happening lately—what causes it, eh ? ”

Captain Vank, of course, yawned in his usual way
Before saying, “ I ’ll tell you a legend about it,
You are welcome to take it as true, or to doubt it : ”

*The Broken Blade of the Bumble Bee—A Salient
Story of the Saline Sea.*

“ Oh, great was the commotion

In the vast Atlantic Ocean,

When first a steam-propeller churned its waters into
froth,

For the fishes had no notion

To let any locomotion

Disturb their rest and quiet, and were consequently
wroth.

“ Indignantly, whales spouted,
And the sprats, offended, pouted,
And the nautilus just hoisted up his sail and scudded
south ;
Shoals of porpoises were routed,
And the flying-fishes doubted,
If this were not more dreadful than the shark’s ter-
rific mouth.

“ ‘ Nay, they only imitate us,’
Said a sole—divine afflatus
Having filled his flattened head—and he wagged his
flattened fin,
‘ Present piscatorial status ’—
Here a very marked hiatus—
And a shark, who smacked his chops, represented
where he ’d been.

“ Then a sound like distant thunder
Filled the shark with sudden wonder,
And he rose up to the surface of the water, just to
see
If it promised any plunder,
But was nearly cut asunder
By the biggest screw-ship sailing, aptly named the
Bumble Bee.

“ Comprehending his position,
With surprising expedition
He resolved upon revenge, for the screw had hurt his
back ;

He was fired with ambition
Of the sailor's superstition
To avail himself, and so he turned and followed in
their track.

“ That they met its expectation
Were but supererogation,
For when did sailor doubt a superstition of the sea ?
They were filled with perturbation,
For by ratiocination
They were sure one of their number that shark's food
would have to be.

“ Came the mate to their assistance,
And remarked, ‘ The mere existence
Of a shark proves nothing further than the fact that
there is one ;
If you wish him at a distance,
By a very slight resistance
To the dread decree of fate I believe it may be done.’

“ In a speech somewhat scholastic,
And a trifle too bombastic,
He proposed to stuff a hammock with rejected crusts
and bran,
Necessarily made plastic,
And sufficiently elastic,
To represent the body of a dear, departed man.

“ ‘ Read the service,’ said he. ‘ Gracious !
It may prove more efficacious
If the shark is as intelligent as you would make it
out ;

If his appetite 's voracious,
He will not be so sagacious
As to taste before he bolts it, and will leave us then,
no doubt.'

" This idea they executed,
And a search was instituted
For material, and each man overhauled his private
chest ;
And the fact is undisputed
That the sailors substituted
For ' crusts and bran ' some articles much harder to
digest.

" When they launched the curiosity,
On account of its porosity
It sank beneath the waters, but the shark more
quickly still,
With remarkable velocity,
And a savage, grim ferocity,
Just snapped his jaws, and swallowed half, as it had
been a pill.

" For a minute's brief duration,
Like a bear in hibernation,
It seemed to all appearance as if life were quite ex-
tinct,
But a tremulous vibration,
And a long-drawn respiration,
Filled the crew with consternation, and the monster
turned and winked.

“ Without perambulation,
It performed a swift gyration,
And bit the screw, and broke it off, which stopped
the Bumble Bee.
And that 's the explanation,
Why, in modern navigation,
Propeller-blades get broken—it 's the shark's revenge,
you see.”

SCENE IV.

A MIDNIGHT MYSTERY.

SCENE IV.

A MIDNIGHT MYSTERY.

The Gulf Stream.

THERE'S a broad and beautiful river,
That is born 'neath a tropical sky,
That inherits the wonderful color,
And the warmth of its heart thereby.

For a thousand leagues do its waters
Ride over the ocean cold,
Like a sweet and wilful woman,
Who ruleth a bridegroom old.

Like a woman, it has its treasures,
Some worthless, useless things,
Like a woman, it has a sorrow,
That out of its nature springs.

For the deep, blue, tropical current
Flings itself at the icebergs' feet ;
And the sunshine of life is clouded,
While the woman has learned deceit.

But the woman will smile as ever,
And the river be clear on the morrow,
And men in the distant north-land,
Never dream of the by-gone sorrow.

Mr. Green had, throughout twenty years of his life,
Gone hither and thither in search of a wife ;
He wanted to marry, he had made up his mind
That for single existence he was not designed.
The lady must not be too young nor too old,
She must be a beauty, not bashful nor bold,
Inclined to religion, devout but not prim,
And leaving the form of her *credo* to him.
He searched many years, but the few he admired
Had never come up to the standard required.
He did not believe in the arrows of Cupid ;
Such Pagan ideas he regarded as stupid.
A wag had remarked, if a heart he possessed,
It must be a square, or a circle at best.
He was nearing the fifties, a few streaks of gray
In his crisp chestnut hair warned him not to delay ;
So, trusting in Heaven to lead him aright,
He determined to marry for love at first sight ;
So he chuckled in secret, and looked all about
For the lady in question. She would be, no doubt,
Unlike in some points to the ideal painted,
But prove quite correct when still better acquainted.
His sister most wisely endorsed his decision,
Instead of defeating his plans by derision ;
She was odd, but unselfish, and loved this one
 brother,
As she never had loved, or could love another.

By some subtle power, most strange to relate,
She hit on Miss Russell as being his fate.
So, speaking to John in a sisterly way,
She found him quite willing, although, truth to say,

He never had thought of the lady before ;
He seemed to think courting confined to the shore.

Not up to the tricks that a stripling would know,
He set out at once his devotion to show,
In a dignified manner that suited his carriage,
But never could possibly lead to a marriage.

Trust a woman the symptoms of love to detect
In a man whom his fellows would never suspect.
Miss Green had discovered, with no small alarm,
That Christopher Kent had come under the charm
Of the lady designed for her brother. She knew
All the points in his favor, and understood, too,
That money is nothing to beauty and grace,
And a girl is most often in love with a face ;
Yea, many a virgin, if foolish or wise,
Will plague her dear heart to please her bright eyes.
She must somehow contrive, then, to keep them apart.
Miss Green was a spinster, and had not the art
Of pleasing the youthful ; they always felt bored,
Whenever her presence could not be ignored ;
The girls looked upon her, as most of them look
On an old-fashioned novel or souvenir book,
With a touch of compassion for ancient young beaux,
Who could take any pleasure in such things as those ;
“ The boys,” as Miss Green named those under two
score,
Thought much as the girls did, and probably more.

Mr. Green was a man who never was troubled
By colic or conscience. His fortune had doubled

Without any worry from him. So he slept
From the moment that into his bed he once crept
Till daylight ; and, therefore, was one of those bores,
Whom most of humanity justly abhors,
Who spend half their own time and ours in despising
Those who will not admit there is virtue in rising
Some hours before any work is required,
And never believe that a man can be tired.
Of those whom he lectured some angry ones said,
They believed Mr. Green lay awake in his bed
The whole, or, at least, fully half of the night,
To be able to say he was up at daylight.

Give a dog a bad name and he some day will earn it ;
Warn a child of a sin and he quickly will learn it ;
Tell a man of a trick you suppose he has played,
And your trust in his shrewdness will soon be repaid.
Mr. Green lay awake all that night, without winking,
Like others he slept not, because he was thinking.
He was thinking, quite calmly, about his past life,
And thinking with pride of the excellent wife
Who loomed *in prospectu*, and thinking in vain
How best to approach her and make matters plain.

From restlessly tossing and twisting and turning,
Now seized with a feverish thirst, now a yearning
For some one to talk to, now haunted by faces
That flitted before him with mocking grimaces,
Now trying to deafen his ears to the roaring
That came from the engines, or somebody snoring,
Now wishing for death and a tombstone and willow
Weeping greenly above him, now pounding his pillow,

As hot as a doughnut just out of the skillet,
Now hunting a flea with intention to kill it,
Rose at length in despair, went on deck, and began
To pace up and down, thinking still of some plan
By which he might win the young lady's affection,
And overcome any decided objection.

The cobwebs of sleep veiled his eyes, and the night
Still shrouded the vessel in gloom ; here a light
Made the darkness yet darker. He tripped up and
stumbled
Over cordage and canvas, and finally tumbled
Full length on the deck. A projecting spike tore
A large hole in his coat.

Mr. Green never swore,
But the language he used, although strictly sabbatic,
Had a dubious sound. When the tone is emphatic,
“ Bless my soul ! ” may not mean *bless* my soul, but
the phrase
Is as balm to the overwrought feelings, and pays.

Mr. Murray appeared in a state of undress,
And asked what he meant by such dashed foolishness.
“ The fact is,” replied Mr. Green, as he rose,
And stanchd the red life stream that flowed from
his nose,
“ I tried hard to sleep, but I could n't, and so
I came up on deck, just to get a slight blow.”
“ Well, it seems that you got it,” cried Murray, who
never
Let a chance for a joke pass unnoticed. “ However,
If *you* cannot sleep, there are others who can ;

You 're a dog in the manger, a mean black and tan."
 "Had he said black and blue," thought the sad Mr.
 Green,
 "He 'd have spoken the truth, and I'm sure I'm not
 mean."

But he made no retort; and when once more alone,
 He tried to sit down, but the act made him groan.
 He was stiff in the knees and the back and one hand,
 And, though tired, determined 't were better to stand.
 But the cold morning air made him shiver and shake,
 And forced him to walk. Still he tried not to wake
 The fortunate sleepers below.

Once again,
 The thoughts of Miss Russell and love filled his brain,
 And soon he unwittingly quickened his pace,
 Until you'd have thought he was running a race.
 "Avast there!" cried French, who now came to the
 deck,
 "Stop! you'll shiver your timbers, become a blank
 wreck;
 There are terrors enough here at sea; don't add
 more;
 Pray keep contests in walking confined to the shore."
 Here the stout Mr. X, pushing past him, exclaimed—
 With sundry embellishments not to be named—
 "You Aristotelian peripatetic!
 Don't you know you are serving a wholesale emetic
 To all aboard ship, with your *con*-founded stamping,
 Everlastingly pounding, and kicking, and stamping?
 You beastly somnambulist! Wake up and go
 To your bed, as you ought to. You hear? Get be-
 low!"

Mr. Green slunk away, feeling humble and sad,
And, perhaps, for so meek a man, "awfully mad."

Determined to get into no further row,
He skated across the wet decks to the bow,
And gazed at the sunrise just brightening the east,
Then turned to go back, in the hope that, at least,
He could, before breakfast, obtain some repose;
When a sailor stepped forward, and chalked his poor
toes.

He had not a farthing about him, just then,
But promised to pay them, again and again,
Till the sailors agreed, with the greatest urbanity,
To pass him as "dead-head"—they questioned his
sanity.

He fell down the stairs, and at last tumbled in,
As his room-mate inquired, "where on earth" he had
been.

Meanwhile, the unconscious and innocent girl
Who put Mr. Green and the rest in a whirl
Was sleeping as soundly as dreams would allow.
She awoke with a start, "Oh no, Walter, not now!"
Had burst from her lips ere she knew it; and she
Rose quickly to see if her foe, Miss O'D.,
Had heard the confession. That fine lady snored,
As loud as her father each week at the Board.
Her secret was safe. "It was all a mistake,"
She said to herself, being fairly awake.
"I loved him; but had he been master and king
Of my life, as he should be, no person or thing,
In heaven or earth, could have kept us apart.

I can think it all over with calmness of heart.
'T is better ; for, if we had married, by now,
Alas ! he or I would have broken the vow
'To love and to cherish.' I cannot complain,
But wonder, will love come so near me again ? ”

She looked at the sea through the dull glassy eye
Of the port-hole, and saw the blue waves dancing by.
How is it that blue in the sea or the sky,
Blue lit by the sunshine, will oft satisfy
A feeling of want in man's soul, and will still
That nameless, intangible forecast of ill ?
Miss Russell, accepting the promise of good,
Resolved to let fate do the worst that it could.
There was nothing, as yet, very dreadful in view,
Nor yet in the future, so far as she knew.

“ Miss Russell, a game ? ” Mr. Murray inquired.
“ Yes, perhaps so, that is if I am not too tired.”
She was walking the deck with the sad Mr. Green.
There was something on hand, that was plain to be
seen.

That hero, his coat having neatly been mended,
And apologies made to the men he 'd offended,
Had gone in for business, at business-like hours,
And, soon after breakfast, exerted his powers
Of flowery eloquence, reason, and sense ;
For in three or four days he must somehow condense
A genuine courtship and subsequent winning ;
So he straightway began at the very beginning
Of all things, and talked first of Adam and Eve,
And the points that he did and he did not believe ;

He was orthodox, truly, and learned, but then
He would not accept the traditions of men.
With facts he was perfectly willing to grapple,
But it nowhere was stated the fruit was an apple.

Miss Russell accepted the argument tamely.
She had but one object that morning—'t was, namely,
To free herself wholly from Christopher Kent ;
So she shunned every place he was wont to frequent.
(" Mr. French has forestalled him, thank goodness !
and now

The two walk away for a smoke toward the bow.")
So dropping theology, straightway she came
To Murray, who gave them a place in the game.

Kent's heart was so heavy, the beautiful day
By him was unnoticed. When fairly away
From the chattering crowd, Mr. French closely eyed,
Before speaking, the gloomy young man at his side.

MR. FRENCH.

You seem sad.

MR. KENT.

I have cause to be.

MR. FRENCH.

Cause, my dear boy !

Youth should blush to be sad, youth was made to enjoy.

A scratch on the hand, or a blow from a ball—
Kiss the one, bathe the other, 't is gone—that is all.
Cause forsooth ! Has Miss Blank (heartless chit of
two-score)

Run off with the General? *parbleu*, there are more ;
And your heart is not broken, nor life at an end.
It's your head that is cracked ; give it time, it will
mend.

Cause, my boy--when you're my age, you'll sorrow,
in truth,
That you shadowed your life with mock sorrow in
youth.

I accused you before, you remember, of drinking ;
But I know your complaint, now, young man—it is
thinking.

That's a clear diagnosis.

MR. KENT.

Perhaps, you are right.
But a tree may be stunted by frost or by blight ;
And a heart may grow old, though the head is still
young.

MR. FRENCH.

And consumptives grow jolly and fat on one lung.
It is all how we take things. The man I admire
Is he who, supposing his coat catches fire,
Flings it off, never stopping to worry or bother,
And goes in his shirt-sleeves, till fate sends him an-
other.

But you—you sit hugging your doldrums, until
You no longer rule, but are ruled by your will.
To the fiends with regret ! take the world as you find it !
If it is n't quite smooth here and there, never mind it.
But I don't mean to lecture, I'm not a divine,
And dull homiletics are not in my line.

But, hang it, I like you, and can't bear to see
This tragic dejection. Come—own it's a She.

MR. KENT.

Yes, and no ! I can tell you the whole in a word :
I love where I never can win.

MR. FRENCH.

That's absurd !

That's the course of true love, that's the pith of the
game !

Take romance from love, the result's very tame ;
Like a salad—mixed solely to look at no doubt—
With the succulent onion, of all things, left out.
Heaven would not be heaven without there was hell ;
We never should know what it was to be well,
If we never were sick.

MR. KENT.

Ah the cap does not fit,
Though it looks very likely, I freely admit.
To the fiends, as you say, with regret ! but, see here,
You cannot advise, till the case is made clear.
Imprimis ! I love—she I love has great wealth ;
While I possess nothing but brains and good health.
Secundo, the little I earn is not mine ;
I am bound to remain what I am, for, in fine,
If I leave my employment and struggle to rise,
My father would perish. Now, would it be wise
To——

MR. FRENCH.

To propose ? Most decidedly ! what can she
say ?

She cannot do more than refuse, and she may—

Mark my words, she may jump at the offer, who
knows ?

And you never can tell, if you do not propose.
Of course, she may think you are after her money ;
One must risk being stung, when prospecting for
honey.

MR. KENT.

Heaven send such a counsellor, always. I own
You have made me ashamed of myself ; to atone,
Let me promise to put it at once to the test.

MR. FRENCH.

How at once ? Such a promise would be but a jest.
Before you get back to your books and your stool,
There is plenty of time for your courage to cool.
I can picture your inward misgiving, your pallor,
Because, like Bob Acres, you feel your new valor
“ Oozing out, as it were, at the palms of your hands.”
There, I don't mean to twit you, no one understands
Your sensations much better than I do ; my case
Was like yours. I had hard work to keep a straight
face

When that queer old fish, Russell, advised me to marry
And settle in life, for, by the Lord Harry,
I am married. *I* won by asking.

MR. KENT.

Indeed !

MR. FRENCH.

Yes ; try brass, there is nothing so sure to succeed.
But my love was true as a school-girl's for candy ;
Still, I found the hard cash my bride brought me come
handy.

MR. KENT.

I'll meet candor with candor.

MR. FRENCH.

That proves your head's level.

MR. KENT.

The lady I love is Miss Russell.

MR. FRENCH.

The devil!

No, I did not mean that, pray, excuse me—I meant—I intended—the news quite surprised me. But, Kent, What possesses you? Thunder! Miss Russell! why, she—

She—surely you two are not suited. You see, The young lady, although very charming and clever, Is rather coquettish and wilful, and never Would make a man happy; at least so I think; I believe I would stand for awhile on the brink——

MR. KENT.

That's my business.

MR. FRENCH.

Oh, yes!

And, of course, I may wrong her; although, I confess

That a man must be deeply in love who will wed
A lady who keeps one forever in dread
Of what she may do the next minute; but, still,
My opinion, I know well beforehand, is *nil*.

But I'll help you. Don't think my opinions too crass;
Let the contract be ratified, straightway, in Bass.

The game proved a long one ; the contest was heated,
As were the contestants. Miss Russell defeated
By one *coup de main* her opponents ; they doubted
Its fairness, but then they were thoroughly routed
By the sober expressions of sad Mr. Green,
Who said their suspicions were owing to spleen,
That Miss Russeil — and so forth ; in short, 't was
agreed

She was rightfully victor. They asked her to lead
In another to give them “ some sort of a show ; ”
But the lady declined, and was going below
When the bell (oh, the blessing its loud tingle brings
To the *blasé* or hungry whenever it rings) —
When the bell, the dear bell, put an end to appeal,
And banished chagrin that some could not conceal.

A headache and mending Miss Russell had pleaded,
When luncheon was over. Had she known it, she
needed

No pretence, no scheming ; for Christopher Kent
Kept out of her way with as fixed an intent
As her own. She had nervously sat at the meal,
With eyes that looked from him, yet saw him. We
feel

Ourselves wrongfully humbled, as if in disgrace,
By a glance that is purposely turned from our face.

With a book French had lent him Kent strolled off
to read.

Mr. Green, feeling sure he was bound to succeed,
Sat, Bible in hand, in the sunniest spot,
Chuckling all to himself, and *in toto* forgot

The heat and surroundings. His great feet were
crossed

And his fat thumbs were markers, although he had lost,
Long since, the connection.

The fair Miss O'D.

Was posing most prettily watching the sea,
With a sweet, dreamy look, and was trying to keep
The dreams a pretence—she was almost asleep ;
For Mr. Hugh Spencer preferred, between whiles,
Certain other small games, and to win other *smiles*.

Mr. French had crawled under a life-boat, and sat
With the bowl of his pipe and the rim of his hat
In dangerous nearness—a book on his knees,
The leaves left unturned, except by the breeze ;
For French was engaged in the deepest of thought.
He wished to serve Kent, and yet felt that he ought
To think more than once, ere he dabbled in such
An *affair de la cœur* ; and, moreover, his touch,
He knew, was clumsy. “ A woman could do it,”
He thought to himself, “ but, poor fellow, he'll rue it
If I intermeddle ! I'll tackle the father ;
He likes our young friend, has a sympathy, rather,
For struggling young fellows ; admits he was poor
In his young days himself ; he will help him, I 'm sure.”

The day has grown hotter. The blue waves are curled,
Like leaves by a furnace. With sails partly furled,
The nautilus lazily floats. The dark weed
Sags heavily downward ; and even the speed
Of the vessel seems slackened. With pitiless dart

The sun makes the black blood gush thick from her heart.

The sea is a desert ; the pale, cloudless sky
Holds no pleasant mirage for the traveller's eye ;
But, near the horizon, on every hand,
The long line of gray looks like ridges of sand.
When, suddenly, out of the nothingness springs
A wreath of black smoke, and a levelled glass brings
A homeward-bound steamer in sight. Like a flash,
The news is sent over the Empress. A dash
Is made for the stern ; and the passengers bother
The captain, the sailors, and question each other
As to name, destination, and whence she has come ;
And the merriest sigh, thinking fondly of home.
The vessels draw near, and the messages fly—
Bright sentences writ on the scroll of the sky.

Their drowsiness broken the voyagers chaffed,
Made light of the heat, and chatted and laughed,
Till the shadows grew long, and the soft evening
breeze

Deluged deck and saloon with its coolness.

At ease

Sat the captain long after the dinner was done,
Yawning wider than ever, and graciously spun
The toughest of yarns that a sailor could spin,
With an air that made doubting a word seem a sin.
We give it verbatim, and leave it to you
To prove it a fable, or take it as true :

The Devil-Tree.

“ A Boston missionary-man, of comely form and slender,
Who, in his youth, had often been upon a downright
‘ bender,’
But now with heart regenerate, in No. 1 condition,
Started upon a soul survey, and convert expedition ;
And, after trying various lands, from Cape Horn to
Alaska,
Engaged a berth upon a vessel bound for Madagascar.
But when the shore lay in their wake, the ship rolled
in her track oh !
Sea-sickness stopped his pet pursuit, which was to
chaw tobacco.
But when he saw the sea had ceased unpleasantly
seesawing,
He left his bed with thankfulness, and took once more
to chawing ;
And lifted up his voice in praise, as the soft zephyr
breezes
Brought them, at length, in sight o’ land and Mada-
gascar treeses.
“ Oh, how those noble savages, of every age and
gender,
Howled at that missionary-man, so comely and so
slender !
But when they saw him chewing, then they kneeled
and kissed his bunions,
Nor thought of missionary-stew or roast with sage and
onions.

Then right and left, throughout the land, that young
and slender preacher
Blazed forth didactic eloquence, eclipsing Mr. Beecher ;
And many were the converts made beneath his able
preaching,
But oh, alas ! that good young man grew somewhat
over-reaching.

“ Radama, the most powerful of all the ruling princes,
Had a quite too *too* daughter, who bedecked herself
in chintzes ;
And what with style, and boasting, too, accomplishments
by dozens,
Eclipsed the other island *belles*, and all her noble cousins.
And that young preacher followed her, until Radama’s
daughter
Returned his love, and even wished the brief engagement
shorter.
But old Radama, hating this young moral son-in-law,
sir,
Resolved, at first, to swing him at the end of a stout
hawser ;
But, after much reflection, he concluded not to do so,
And deemed it better that he should live by himself,
like Crusoe.

“ Then grieving in his in’ards, at the loss of his ‘ soul’s
treasure ’
(And not at all agreeing with her father’s hasty measure),

That missionary met his love, and swore that, if he
ever
Forgot her, might he never—most emphatically
never!—
Know aught of joy or happiness, but always pain and
sorrow;
And so worked on her feelings that she promised on
the morrow
To run away from ‘Pa’ and ‘Ma,’ and marry that
young fellow.
And in response he kissed her brow—which was less
white than yellow.
Then, arm in arm, beneath the trees they wandered
toward the city,
Which, judging from the sequel, was decidedly a
pity;
For, as they neared one awful tree, unknown to other
nations,
Which gobbles up whole animals for ordinary ra-
tions,
So deeply were they buried in their loving tittle-
tattle,
They neither saw the closing leaves, nor heard the
warning rattle;
Until, at length, in tight embrace, the tight’ning foli-
age held ‘em,
And held them tight, as if such meals came in its way
but seldom.
Then, satisfaction and delight most hugely manifest-
ing,
The missionary and his love that tree commenced di-
gesting.”

When the laughter subsided the fair Miss O'D.
Said, " Captain, please tell us how long it will be
Before we get half way across."

Captain Vank,
After yawning, as usual, replied, " To be frank,
We shall reach the mid-ocean at eight bells to-night."
The announcement was hailed with unbounded delight.

" Odd Zooks!" exclaimed French, with a laugh,
" Mr. Green,

Bid good-by to your teetotal views, for between
That point and old Ireland you 'll be, sad to say,
Half seas over. You 'd better begin right away,
Get your hand in."

Miss Russell that evening alone
In her stateroom sat thinking.

" This, this will atone
For the love that has lingered too long in my heart,
Its existence a sin in itself. When the smart
Left the wound, I believed all was over and past;
But the scar still remained. I will triumph at last.
While I own these two trinkets—this picture, this
ring—

I cannot forget you. Oh, Walter! they sting
My paralyzed heart, the heart living yet dead,
Its life-blood still pulsing, its passion long fled.
Hear this cry from the soul thou hast cruelly slain!
In the years now gone by, I had willingly lain
My heart at thy feet, and you bruised it! Then fate
Metamorphosed my love into bitterest hate.
At midnight, while happier eyes are asleep,

By the light of the stars, in mid-sea's deepest deep,
As I flung your base lie in your teeth, to be free,
I will fling these last tokens of love in the sea.

“There are they that would curse you, but no ! I believe

Man moulds his own curse when he strives to deceive ;

Hand in hand travel sin and its punishment, so
I left you uncursed.

That seems ages ago.

Three months ! only three ? But what wonder it seems

Three years ? for the years pass in moments in dreams,
And I have been dreaming since then.

“When you went
From the door the last time, and the delicate scent
Of the flowers I crushed 'neath my heel in my wrath,
Stole over my senses, I knew that the path
I had travelled was ended. I mentally died,
And arose a new woman—a gulf deep and wide
Cut me off from the past. 'T was a minute, or less ;
Yet it seemed like an age. The poor flowers, ah,
yes !

They were crushed, like my heart, for no fault of their own,

But their fragrance still breathed, though their beauty
had flown ;

And though altered I 'm living.”

She gazed for awhile
On the picture, and then, with a pitiless smile,

Tore the card into fragments ; and these, with the
ring,

She bound in a handkerchief, tied it with string,
And said, " There 's a Nihilist's bomb—now, I trust
It will hit some tyrannical merman and—' *bust.*' "
She could not be serious long.

Miss O'D.

Here entered the room. They could never agree,
So Miss Russell said nothing, but slipped into bed
And pretended to sleep.

The monotonous tread
Of the late promenaders soon ceased, and the light
Flickered feebly and died. All was hushed for the
night.

As the eight bells were striking, she stealthily crept
From her room. The saloon was in darkness, except
At one end, where a lamp, with its wick turned down
low,

Shed just enough light round about it to show
What it was. When her eyes grew more used to the
gloom

She recognized objects in parts of the room,
Familiar enough in the day, that appeared
In the palpable darkness uncanny and weird.
The racks that were pendant—like bacchanals hung
With their wine-cups adorning them mockingly—
swung

To and fro, spectral shadows. The close, stifling air
Seemed haunted by cheese-parings, stale bills of fare,
And unconsumed oil. Every rafter and beam
Loudly creaked, as if racked by a hideous dream.

The sleepers breathed heavily, now and again
One babbled inanely or groaned at some pain,
While the restless propeller made everything shake,
As if the poor Empress had managed to take
A touch of the ague.

Miss Russell was bold,
But the darkness oppressed her. The air felt quite
cold

As she went upon deck. In the blackness of night
The sea and the vessel looked ghostly, despite
The glimmering lamps, that at intervals shone
Like stars hurled from heaven to wander alone.
More closely around her the thick cloak she drew
As she went to the side. No one saw her, she knew,
Yet she nervously glanced to the right and the left,
As if she contemplated murder or theft.
Then throwing the package far into the sea,
She murmured, "Farewell, my dead love ; I am free !"

As she turned to go back, she beheld with dismay
The form of a man standing right in her way.
Her words must have reached him. She trembled
with shame.

He approached her in silence. As nearer he came,
She recognized Christopher Kent ; and a hate
As black as the darkness, as cruel as fate,
Sprang up in her heart. "How dare he ? What
right

Had he to be prowling on deck in the night
To spy on her actions ? She trembling advanced
And purposely pushed up against him, then glanced
With a look of such fierceness and rage in her eyes

That Kent could not speak for the shock of surprise.
Ere he summoned a word, she was gone, and the sea
Cried with demonish voice,

“ It is given to me,

It is given to me the dark secret to keep ;
You never shall know it. Sleep, wretched one, sleep,
And dream of the same ! but you never shall know
What was given to me—what lies fathoms below
The waters you question. Sleep, wretched one, sleep,
And dream of the mystery hid in the deep.”

SCENE V.
CONCERNING MR. GREEN.

SCENE V.

CONCERNING MR. GREEN.

IN snow-capped peaks the billows rise ;
And clouds drive fast through dull gray skies ;
Black caverns yawn with walls of green,
And foam, that trickling down between
The curving roof and fretted sides,
Stalactites forms—the water glides
Stealthy and strong—a shock, and then
The cavern is a hill again.

The Sunday had passed—the majority do,
An infliction to many, a pleasure to few.
Not much had occurred as the sad old world spun,
In its slightly monotonous waltz, round the sun.
Mr. Green had tried hard to quench mundane desire,
But Cupid, alas, gave a poke to the fire ;
After fingering each moral sinew and muscle,
He had had to give way, and admire Miss Russell.

Mr. Kent had been driven half mad in the night,
For he knew she misjudged him. Had he not the
right
To *sleep* upon deck if he chose to ? But no !

She thought he had followed her—Heavens ! as though
He would spy on her actions. His cheeks flushed with
shame ;

And what had he learned ? He had heard her exclaim,
As she threw something overboard into the sea,
With an evident sigh of relief, “ I am free ! ”

And the words might be weighty with meaning, ’t was
true,

But were likelier harmless. They gave him no clue
To the mystery. What did he care ?

Thus, all the day,
He had striven again to keep out of her way.

If he left her alone for awhile—so he thought—
She would see her injustice.

He manfully sought
For a way to forget it, and, capturing Tom,
He ransacked the annals of all Christendom,
Drawing largely on fiction to lend them a smack,
Winning rapturous plaudits by giving the quack,
When he told of the strange “ Ugly Duckling,”
whose neck
Grew prodigiously long.

They had sat upon deck,
Till the air became cold ; but Tom begged for *one*
more,
And Kent cried, “ Not to-night, you ’ve exhausted my
store,
You must pack off to bed—but I ’ll give you one song,
It is not very short and is not very long :

“ What if the stars shine not by day,
If they work all night,
By twinkling bright,
To make the world light,
Surely, you 'd grant them some time for play ?

“ What, if when dew the roses steep,
The soft night wind
Can no perfume find,
Would you be unkind ?
Surely, you 'd grant them some time for sleep ?

“ What if when winter chills the breast
Of the flowing river,
Though it make you shiver,
Would you have it ever
Flow without ceasing, with no time for rest ?

“ Grumble not, Tom, we all should be dead,
Stars fall from the sky,
The roses would die,
And the river run dry,
If none of them rested ; so—pack off to bed.”

Miss Russell sat with her father, quite near,
But, from common politeness, had tried not to hear.
Hearty laughter is catching—a jolly disease,
That will cure many others ; and so, by degrees,
She found herself laughing at Tom 's merry laugh,
And listening, laughed at the stories, though half
Were old as the hills. When Kent finished she rose,
And, feeling ashamed of herself, we suppose,

Said, in passing, "I thank you; how could I help
hearing,
You told them so splendidly?" Then, disappearing,
Left Kent in a trance of delight.

O ye gods!

Women fish for men's hearts, it is certain, with rods;
For they use them one minute to strike with, and then
If they rebait the hook, the fools nibble again.

The irksome restraint of the Sabbath withdrawn,
The checkers and shuffleboard broke with the dawn;
The novels, the quoits, and the games without number,

Awoke from their short but compulsory slumber;
And, although the sky threatened to turn into rain,
All seemed in a rollicking, boisterous vein.

Miss Green and Miss Russell together were sitting,
Intent on some lace which the former was knitting.

Miss Russell was trying to fathom the art
Of purling and looping. Miss Green, for her part,
Proved a very bad teacher, as might be expected,
Her closest directions were so disconnected.

She was trying to learn if Miss Russell was fitted
To marry her brother. That lady outwitted

Her questioner thoroughly; no preconceived plan
Will baffle so surely as ignorance can;

Besides, she was happy. Her words, "I am free,"
Meant more than she thought for; the hard penalty
Of keeping our keepsakes is heart-ache and tears,
For sorrows that ought to lie deep 'neath the years,
In low grassy graves left unmarked by a stone,
And covered by flowers submission has sown.

The *amende honorable* to Christopher Kent
Had also been offered, and taken as meant ;
So she laughed at Miss Green when that good lady
sighed,
Little dreaming how sorely her patience was tried.

MISS RUSSELL.

O yes ! I know how to make puddings and pies—
Chain of two—

MISS GREEN.

No, chain three.

MISS RUSSELL.

Bother ! where are my eyes ?

MISS GREEN.

Could you give me a good plain receipt ? John is fond
Of any boiled puddings. Take the stitch, next be-
yond.

MISS RUSSELL.

I have some receipts, but, I frankly confess,
Boiled puddings, in my hands, are not a success ;
I put in too much, when the bag is too small,
Yet, if I try less, then the whole thing will fall ;
When pudding and bag are both fitted right well,
My nostrils are always assailed with the smell
Of burning. I know when, alas ! 't is too late,
I omitted to put in the requisite plate.
To "keep the pot boiling" quite taxes my powers ;
So, as to boiled puddings—we always bake ours.

MISS GREEN.

What remarkable spirits you have, my dear girl.
I declare that I envy you.

MISS RUSSELL.

Drop one, then purl—
I am dreadfully stupid !

MISS GREEN.

You joke in the style
So familiar to us in the Emerald Isle.
I am sure you will like it.

MISS RUSSELL.

The country, you mean ?
I hear everything there, save the natives, is green.

MISS GREEN.

John and I are exceptions ; but what 's in a name ?

MISS RUSSELL.

Do you mean, were it Jones, you 'd be *green* all the
same ?

MISS GREEN.

I am sure you would like it.

MISS RUSSELL.

Oh yes ! our trip there
Will be charming, I know.

MISS GREEN.

Now, my dear, that's not fair.
I mean you would like it for longer than that ;
You would so like the Irish.

MISS RUSSELL.

My heart does *pity-pat*
When I meet one that 's handsome.

MISS GREEN.

Fie ! Do you like John ?
He 's a man to be trusted, depend upon.

MISS RUSSELL.

One can see that, the moment one looks in his face.
I like him, of course—I am spoiling your lace,
Knitting on in this fashion.

MISS GREEN.

Go on, never mind,
It will ravel. Dear John is so loving and kind.
Do you *really* like John ?

MISS RUSSELL.

Why, yes ; to be sure,
Not as you do.

MISS GREEN.

His life has been honest and pure
From his boyhood, and always to mother and me
He has been all that son or that brother could be.
I wish he would marry and settle in life.

MISS RUSSELL.

I should think you 'd be jealous—I would—of his wife.

Mr. Murray cut short their prolonged conversation,
And thereby prevented a sad complication ;
For Miss Russell saw plainly her questioner's aim,
And threatened to play a most delicate game.

Some days back, poor Murray was plunged in despair,
Tom's clothes were so dreadfully out of repair.
Miss Green, with good nature that equalled her skill,
Made him decent again, and kept him so, still.
Mr. Murray was grateful, and showered attention
Upon the good lady too often to mention.
And she liked him, for, if at odd times he was rough,
He was genuine, made of the old-fashioned stuff
That would stand wind and weather. And, as to his
heart,
He had proved that was good, when he took the
child's part,
And stood between him and adversity. “ Pshaw,”
He cried briskly, “ they seem as afraid of the law
As if they were criminals. Strive as I will
To get up an evening's amusement, yet still
Hardly any will join me. I want a ‘ Mock Trial.’
You two must assist. Come, I'll take no denial.”
“ We will help you, of course,” said Miss Green, “ but
you'll find
I, at least, shall be stupid. Ah well ! never mind,
Perhaps they will laugh at my blunders.”

“ I say,”

Whispered Murray, “ just notice, they ’re coming this way.”

He referred to Hugh Spencer and fair Miss O’D.,
Who approached them. It really was painful to see
The languishing, limp, lackadaisical state—
That had certainly been on the increase of late—
Of the lady in question. Her simpering smile
Was enough to upset any honest man’s bile.
Close behind them, like satellites, arm in arm, came
Her parents, as if to remove any blame
That perchance might attach to their daughter. Their
gait

Was heavy and solemn. As people of weight,
They never did anything quickly. We know
Aristocracy, *fast* though it may be, is slow.
Mr. Murray, unmindful of etiquette quite,
Called out, “ Will you help us, you people, to-night ? ”
Miss O’D. slightly turned, and then went on her way,
While Mr. O’D. and his wife stopped. “ A play,
A mock trial—a lawsuit. We wish to bring out
Native talent. Your daughter will help us, no doubt ? ”
The gentleman, shocked beyond measure, restrained,
With evident effort, his temper, and deigned
To say in a manner intended to quell
Mr. Murray, “ I thought our donation would tell
How willing we were to contribute—but, sir,
I hope you ’ll not mention the subject to *her* ;
’T is an insult I pardon, because, sir, I must.
It arises from ignorance, solely, I trust.”
But Murray was not to be sat upon thus.

“ Oh, come now,” he said, “ what ’s the use of a fuss ?
I have heard the young princes have often indulged
In private theatricals. Spencer divulged
That important state secret. Your daughter may come
I suppose, to our *shindy*, if he ’ll see her home.”

A fabulous figure would Mr. O’D.
Have given to purchase the gift repartee.
He was not a fool—no man is who makes money,
But fortunes are rarely amassed by the funny ;
Life to them is a jest, as ’t was said of the poet,
That, living he thought so, death helped him to know
it ;

And working and saving are far from a jest ;
A man must decide for himself which is best.
In spite of their parvenu grandeur and pride,
At all times had Mr. O’Donoghue tried
To act like a gentleman, so being loath,
For the sake of the ladies, to bring out an oath,
He made no reply, but, with undisguised growl,
He turned on his heel with an ominous scowl.

“ Well, I swear ! ” Mr. Murray cried, laughing out-
right,

“ How remarkably fine ! how extremely polite !
A Yankee aristocrat ! Well, now, I swear !
I am thankful the animal still remains rare.
Ah ! our friend Mr. Kent, that ’s a change for the
better.

Why, what are you writing—an essay, a letter,
A treatise on Humbug, or—come let us hear !
Are you making a sketch of your future career ? ”

(Mr. Kent, as he passed them, had hid in his coat
Some paper.) “ We need a good, strong antidote ;
We are all of us poisoned ; that blatant old fool
Has dosed us with shoddy. We want something cool,
Something really refreshing—what is it, a song ?
You must read it, unless it is dreadfully wrong,
Something highly improper.”

“ Oh, no ! it is verse,
Just a jingle of rhymes,” replied Kent, “ nothing
worse.”

“ Let us have it,” said Murray, “ and, by all that ’s
good,
Here is Russell—sit down, sir—‘ you could an’ you
would.’ ”

So Kent drew forth the paper, and, after proceeding
To beg their indulgence for style, commenced reading:

The Palmer.

“ Three friars were sitting in conclave together,
Discussing the wine and—confound it!—the weather,
The prospect of crops from the border of Hades,
But more of the—why should I hide it?—the ladies.

“ Outside the cold wind blew,
And fast before it flew
The sleet and snow ;
It seemed as though
The cutting breeze
Would freeze

One’s very bones and marrow through and through.

Inside, all snug and warm,
In their gray uniform,
The friars, fat
And jolly, sat
Around the fire,
Whose mad desire
Seemed e'en to rise and battle with the storm.

“ Just then came knocking at the outer gate ;
Grumbling, the porter from his corner rose
To see who dared to trouble them so late,
And interrupt his comfortable doze.

“ But first, with quick despatch, the board he cleared,
The friars helping him (with many an oath) ;
Beef, capon, wine by magic disappeared,
Although to part with them they seemed full loath.

“ Louder the knocking grew,
Reverberating through
The echoing halls.
' Confound it, blockhead ! do
Look lively, and see who
It is that calls.'
Thus spake the friar Paunch, as if bereft
Of all his saintliness.

The porter left.

“ Soon he returned. Behind him came
A road-stained palmer, halt and lame,
With raiment shapeless, thin, and old,
And hands both blue and stiff with cold.

Forsooth, I ween,
There never was seen
Such a lean,
Unclean,
And shaky machine,
Bearing the name of palmer. E'en
Adam and Eve, in their fig-leaf condition,
Were hardly less clothed, and what a position
Was this to be in ! Remember, 't was snowing
Like 'one o'clock'—aye, and a north wind
blowing.

“ However, erelong, a change was wrought
In that palmer, halt and lame,
Water and soap, by the porter brought,
Transformed him so, that really you ought
To have seen him and you would have thought,
‘ Of a truth 't is not the same.’

“ And when from the larder reappeared
The victuals, the beef and wine,
That palmer ogled his eyes, and leered
And laughed, but neither rebuked nor sneered
(Although the friars had rather feared he might)
by word or sign.

“ Oh, 't was a rare old sight to see,
Oh, 't was a goodly company,
The palmer and the friars three,
Around the fire knee to knee,

Drinking stronger stuff than water,
Oft reminded by the porter,
Laughing, that they 'kind'er sort'er,
Positively, did n't ought'er.'

“ ‘ A toast ! ’ at length the friars cried.
‘ Bold palmer, ’t is your turn. Decide
To whom the honor shall be paid,
To Mistress, Queen, or Serving-maid.’

“ ‘ I drink to one,’ the palmer said,
‘ Most beautiful. The sky, when red
With sinking sun, or richly set
With stars—earth’s nightly coronet—
Is yet less lovely far I swear,
Than she to whom I drink. Beware,
And ask me not her name, ’t would be
An insult to her chastity,
Did I but breathe her name along
With jest and revelry and song.’

“ Up rose the friar Paunch ; quoth he,
‘ The devil take your mystery !
Think you we know not beauty, youth,
And—none so fair as thine ? Forsooth,
There is a nun more fair, I ween,
Than wench or princess thou hast seen,
In the adjoining convent. Aye !
Go, Gustave, by the secret way,
See the Superior, and say
That I require, without delay,
The nun called Marian, to mend
My girdle. Do you comprehend ? ’

“ Forced to obey, the porter rose
Again, awakened from a doze,
And, taking down a bunch of keys,
He took a stretch, a yawn, a sneeze,
Took his own time, and, by degrees,
Took himself off, with grunt and wheeze.

“ After awhile returning brought
The fair nun Marian.

“ ‘ Methought,
Cruel men,’ she cried, ‘ you would have left
Me now in solitude. Bereft
Well-nigh of reason. All alone,
Unguarded. Friars, you have shown
What power for evil you possess,
In tearing me from home. Redress
The wrong, as I do know you could,
Were you but willing ; show for good
An equal power, set me free,
Unharméd, and give me liberty,
Or *this* shall save me, come the worst,
And may you be forever curst !’

“ Speaking, from ’neath her dress she drew
And held aloft before their view
A dagger !

“ ‘ Aye, stagger,
Like drunken cowards that ye be,’
Cried the bold palmer. ‘ Know that she
Whom ye call “ Marian, the nun,”
And my “ Most Beautiful ” are *one* !’

Betrothed to me, and rudely torn
From home, upon the bridal morn,
By you or yours. This palmer's dress
I chose, that I might gain access
To monast'ries, for well I knew
The thieves were of your cloth.'

“ ‘ Pooh ! pooh ! ’
Exclaimed the friar Paunch, ‘ and you
Think that this little game will do ?
Friend, ’t is a game requiring two
To play it. Even were it true,
And she our “ game,” we ’re *game*, parbleu !
To keep her and we mean to, too.’

“ But a punch in the paunch rolled him up like a scroll,
And he lay with his shiny, bald pate in a bowl,
And a *punch*-bowl at that, from which—little thinking
’T would serve him as *nightcap*—he ’d just finished
drinking.

“ The other two friars and Gustave, observing
The fall of their leader, with swiftness deserving
Of record, departed, considering danger
Lay hid in the fist of that fraudulent stranger.

“ Then the lovers embraced, and in spite of the
weather—
Having eaten the victuals remaining—together
They made their escape, without halting or tarrying,
And it ended, of course, in their festively marrying.”

“That ’s a copy from ‘Ingoldsby Legends,’ my lad,
 Said Murray ; “however, the rhymes are not bad.
 Have you noticed that Tennyson rhymes the word
 blundered,
 I should say the words blundered, thundered, and
 wondered,
 And sundered, with *hundred*? Now is n’t it awful?
 What license can ever make such rhyming lawful?”

Mr. Russell turned round to young Kent with a smile,
 And said, “Well, perhaps, you ’d admire *my* style.
 I once, and once only, one dark winter’s night,
 Got the notion that I, if I chose to, could write.
 I might have been great, but with me ink was stinted.
 You shall hear the result—no, it never was printed :

“Dainty dew-drops water roses,
 Kissing them to life anew
 Ere the waking morn discloses
 Once again the sun to view.

“Let us, Nelly dear, rub noses,
 While your father sleeps. Oh pooh!
 Man proposes, not disposes—
 Hang it! here he comes. Adieu!”

Then followed good-natured discussions on what
 Made a writer a poet.

“You ’d throw out a lot
 Of popular authors,” said Murray to Kent.
 “Yes,” the young man replied, “I must always re-
 sent

The insult to those who have hallowed the crown,
When, to fit smaller heads, it is basely cut down.
There are those we should honor, because they can
sing,

Let them rank with the nobles, but not with the king.
It always has seemed," he continued, "a shame,
That our rugged old English is rendered so tame
By those upon whom rests the onerous duty
Of keeping unsullied its natural beauty.

I do not mean slang, but the careless misuse
Of powerful words, and the constant abuse
Of shades in the meaning of others ; but then
It is easier talking than using the pen."

"That proves you an author," Miss Russell said,
smiling,

"For readers imagine that writing is whiling
The time away, lazily trying to shirk
The fate of poor mortals, hard physical work."

Mr. Green joined the party, and ventured opinions
That were classics throughout the extended dominions
Of the noble Queen's English ; but said them in tone
As timid as if they were solely his own,
And he dared not intrude notions novel and queer,
Except in a voice that one hardly could hear.
So the time slipped away.

"Eight bells ! Is it noon ?"
Exclaimed Murray. "Pshaw ! no, they have rung it
too soon."

The reason for poor Mr. Green's sad timidity,
Amounting almost to a hopeless stupidity :

He had rallied his grit, when at dawn he arose,
And solemnly promised himself to propose,
Before the night fell ; and had aimlessly wandered
All over the vessel, and nervously pondered
On how to begin—he knew well how to stop—
And walked up and down until ready to drop.
With an effort his fears and his luncheon he swallowed,
And as soon as Miss Russell arose, closely followed.

The wheel-house on board of the Empress was low,
With a nautical hip-roof, if landsmen may so
Designate the long slope at the top, and the flat
Polished surface of wood-work below. Thereon sat
Mr. Green and Miss Russell, as many had done
Before them.

The courting was slowly begun.

He beamed on the lady, he flattered and stuttered,
And “ Will you——?” he said, while his heart wildly
fluttered

With a formal proposal ; he fully intended
To wind up the sentence. It suddenly ended ;
For, out of the doorway, a voice came :

“ I begs
That you and the lady, sir, please move your legs,
I can’t see to steer.” Miss Russell’s laugh rung
With a keen sense of humor. Mr. Green bit his tongue.

Later on in the day, he again undertook
To woo her, so, choosing a promising nook,
He wedged her in closely, and said, with a sigh,
“ Miss Russell I want you—that is, will you—may
I——”

He was caught by the shoulder, and turned squarely round,

By Murray, who shouted, "*He cannot be found!*"

"Who, what?" said Miss Russell. "Why, Tommy. There, Green,

Don't stand like a fool, help us look. Have you seen—

Do you know where Tom is? I left him asleep, Some hours ago, in the stateroom. Don't keep— Don't stand staring inanely. Come, help in the search.

He may have been lost overboard, by a lurch, When no one was looking, when no one was by, Or slipped through the rail—'t is atrociously high From the deck. Come!"

Miss Russell went too.

They searched in the wheel-house, they looked down the flue,

In galley and steerage, in cabin and room.

Tommy could not be found; and a general gloom Came over the people; while, with shake of the head,

Some remarked, it but proved what they always had said,

"The child was too bright;" some one added, "too good,"

Which no one disputed, though most of them could.

Captain Vank was the only one not interested.

"Have you looked in the *pantry*?" he calmly suggested.

Mr. Murray was off, without even replying.

A few moments later, and Tom was heard crying,
“No, I did n’t take nuffin’!” “Which statement, I
doubt,”

Said Murray, as almonds and raisins rolled out
Of his numerous pockets, and dropped on the floor.

“Please, sir, I won’t do so, not never no more.”

But Murray considered he needed a whipping,
Preceded, alas, by a barbaric stripping.

SCENE VI.
THE MOCK TRIAL.

SCENE VI.

THE MOCK TRIAL.

CHARACTERS.

<i>Judge,</i>		MR. FRENCH.
<i>Plaintiff, Mrs. Wright,</i>		MISS GREEN.
<i>Counsel for Plaintiff, Mr. Bluster,</i>		MR. MURRAY.
<i>Defendant, Mr. Wright,</i>		MR. GREEN.
<i>Counsel for Defendant, Mr. Trimmer,</i>		MR. KENT.
<i>Witness, Miss O'Patrick,</i>		MISS RUSSELL.
<i>The others,</i>		OTHERS.
<i>Moral,</i>		OURSELVES.

Case of "Wright vs. Wright."

Wherein, Mrs. Wright sued
For a writ of divorce.

CHARGES : Family feud,
Brutality, heartlessness, want of attention,
And others it really would not do to mention.
The damage placed at the moderate sum
Of \$5,000 and costs.

Looking glum,
Mr. Wright, closely followed by witnesses, entered ;
Then counsel and jury. The interest centred

In the much-injured lady, however, whose face,
Pale, haggard, and worn, bore the evident trace
Of weeping—or rather of water and flour ;
And last came the judge, looking terribly sour.
Then the jury was called, and then silence, and then,
The judge having solemnly mended a pen,
Mr. Butler proceeded to open the case.
But we cannot report him, we have n't the space ;
His speech was a failure, but short. At its close,
Having first cleared his throat, Mr. Bluster arose.

“ Your Honor,” commenced Mr. Bluster, “ and you
Gen-tle-men of the jury, without much ado,
And as briefly as possible, I shall endeavor
To state the case plainly. You know that I never
Waste patience or breath in a useless display
Of rhodomontade, to lead judgment astray.
Yet I own to approaching this case with some fear,
Gen-tle-men of the jury, a case, you will hear,
Of such heartless depravity, barbarous crime,
Inflicted on one barely yet in her prime ;
On a lady who is, to the rest of her sex,
As a flower of worth to the poppy that flecks
Each hedge-row with red ; on a lady, I say,
Of such beauty—although you must not let that
weigh—
Mankind would uphold you, mankind, white or black,
Be their creed what you will, their laws stringent or
slack,
Were you now to arise as one man and declare
You had rather had left this cold world for—else-
where,

And that cycles and æons had rolled in between
(Gen-tle-men we 'd have seen that your graves were
kept green),
Than have lived to discover the baseness of man,
As revealed in this lawsuit. But then, when I scan
Your good honest features, I breathe, I behold
That which clearly assures me the WILL, that of old
Crushed down the oppressor and raised the op-
pressed,
Finds its counterpart here ; and your country may
rest.
In your unsullied hands, with the right that makes
strong,
Justice places her sword. Strike then ! Strike at the
wrong
Misrepresentation by those who defend !
The defendant may know how the struggle will end.
You are not to be brow-beaten, bullied, or cowed ;
For, if crimes such as these, gen-tle-men, were allowed
To pass by unpunished, corruption would rise,
The incendiary's smoke would ascend to the skies,
And the land would be deluged with crimes we ab-
hor ;
You would let loose the bloody-fanged hell-hounds of
war !

“ Mrs. Wright, my fair client, before having taken
The name of this man—who will now find it shaken
From moral nomenclature—revelled, while yet
In the spring-tide of girlhood, a pale violet,
In that of Rupertia Chiggs, gen-tle-men.
It is soft as a breeze blown o'er mountain and fen ;

It is resonant, truly, with urban urbanity,
 And likewise with guilelessness. Doubt not her sanity
 In making the change, for, alas ! she was young—
 But an infant in law.

Every poet has sung
 The praise of sixteen ; even statesmen have lauded
 Sixteen to the skies, while their voters applauded.
 Youth surrounds it with rhapsodies, fresh sentiment,
 And valentines laden with delicate scent—
 But no more. No ! It took this dark vampire of
 night,
 Who will have to stand *there* when the usher calls
 Wright,
 To deceive my fair client when only sixteen,
 When the mind is untutored and vernal green ;
 To burst the fond bonds of parental protection,
 To fly the old homestead—a good quarter-section—
 And to marry him ! Gen-tle-men think of it ! She
 A true child of nature, a seraphim—he
 A city-bred stripling.

A few years went past,
 In which she was happy ; but that could not last.
 He could not, while yet within sight of the land—
 Your Honor, and you, gen-tle-men, understand—
 Athwart the blue azure of *her* sky unfurl
 The skull and the crossbones. Alas ! no, poor girl !
 He waited until her fond parents were dead,
 Their hearts being broken by grief, it was said ;
 Broken ? Rather say pulverized. Then the blow fell.

“ Bathed in tears that she vainly endeavored to quell,
 She sought out her husband. In heartrending tones,

She explained that, in order to follow their bones,
In fitting habiliments, she would require
A certain amount.

Steel your hearts, or retire,
Or, if you have tears, gen-tle-men, then prepare
Now to shed them. The savage came forth from his
lair.

He refused her ! Refused her ! He gave her a sum
So inadequate that her sad soul was struck dumb.
It allowed on her dress but *three inches* of crape,
And the fashion plates, gen-tle-men, showed that the
cape
Should be bordered with *six* inches. Further than
that,

The veil that she fastened with shame to her hat
Barely came to her shoulders ! O Justice ! you hear ?
It was almost indelicate (Heavens ! a tear !
Forgive me for weeping)—to each honored shade,
A dastardly insult, a grim masquerade,
A tragical farce ! Why, three inches of crape
Is no mourning at all."

Here he untied some tape
And referred to a document.

" Four months or more
Had passed since, with true resignation, she bore
The bereavement and insult. The trappings of woe
Grew old-fashioned—she touchingly called them ' So-
so.'

Once again she adventured a winsome request.
This time for a scarlet silk-poplin, for best.

“The chill winter of anguish had fled. In its place a
Pretty April-like smiles rippled over her face,
And, with nature, she yearned after color. For hours
She sat at the windows and envied the flowers.
She felt it was only her husband's plain duty
To purchase whatever would add to her beauty.
Brace yourself to receive the worst news you could
hear!

Your Honor, prepare to shed sympathy's tear ;
For he told her the times were atrociously bad ;
'She must turn it,' ye gods ! turn the one that she
had !

“He, perhaps, may contend that his paltry excuse
Justified his base conduct ; he'll find it no use,
But will learn what it is to have dealings with men ;
When you bring in the verdict, he'll find the means
then.

The law is inflexible. Often we see
That a villain, who stubbornly bends not the knee,
Finds the law has a fashion of breaking that joint ;
The defendant may feel pretty sure on that point.

“I have led you, so far, to the quagmire's brink.
I must lead you still farther. Alas ! we must sink
Breast-high, maybe higher, before we can hope
To wash with retributive justice's soap.

“We shall show you that, once having wandered astray
From the paths of uprightness, he found, day by day,
That he got in a sort of a criminal groove,
And crime became easier. This we shall prove

By trustworthy witnesses. We shall do more—
We shall show that his conduct grew worse than
before ;

That at last he conceived the infernal design
Of sapping the life of this client of mine,
By inviting his mother, *her* mother-in-law.
She had borne much, your Honor, this proved the
last straw ;
For home, even then, was a modern Bastile.

“ In her terror, she made one more touching appeal
To the man's better nature. She tore her fair hair,
She wept copious tears in her awful despair,
She bared her bruised heart and cried, ‘ *Pity*, and
strike

With your sabre, or anything else that you like ;
I had rather be drowned, drawn, and quartered, or
hung,

Than know the full horrors of death by the tongue.’
After that he absented himself from her side
Three or four times a week. This will be certified,
Gen-tle-men, under oath. Could my fair client fail
To suspect him of taking the high road to jail ?

“ We shall prove to your full satisfaction, moreover,
That the wily defendant was seen, under cover
Of the shadow of twilight and various trees,
To steal from his home, to proceed by degrees
To a neighboring lane, where, I blush to admit,
He was joined by a closely-veiled stranger, to wit,
A woman ! your Honor—a woman ! and then
Was observed to embrace her—you hear, gen-tle-men ?

This destroyer of happiness kissed her ! They walked
For an hour together ; I doubt not they talked ;
I cannot be sure of the fact, for my sainted,
My beautiful client, on seeing them, fainted.

“ And this in America ! This in a land
That, for proud independence, has taken a stand,
Of leader and teacher and champion. What wonder,
Had Olympian Jove raised particular thunder,
And had hurled in his anger one huge bolt to crush
The now hardened and wicked offender to mush !
But no ! It is left for you, gen-tle-men, here
To avenge this wronged dove's saliniferous tear,
That this monster has caused to be frequently wept,
In the night-watch, while he with brutality slept.
You will show the wide world that now breathlessly
stands

Awaiting your verdict, that, placed in your hands,
The case will be sifted, the gold will remain.
You will sunder the bond now uniting these twain.
You will feather the nest of this fond, stricken dove,
Though no money can ever replace her lost love.”

At the close of this very remarkable speech,
In which he had done all he could to impeach
The defendant, he waited until the applause
Of the audience ceased, and then, after a pause,
He called Miss O'Patrick.

At that there arose
A young lady, who threw herself into a pose
That the audience saw, at a glance, was intended
As a hit at the fair Miss O'D.

Much offended,
But trying to look quite unconscious and bland,
Miss O'Donoghue toyed with the fan in her hand,
And stared at the opposite wall with a smile,
Although inwardly boiling with rage all the while.

"Miss O'Patrick," began Mr. Bluster, "we know
What a deep debt of gratitude all of us owe
For your kind condescension ; your soul must recoil,
As a child of refinement from cod-liver oil,
As the flesh of the lamb from the beak of the vulture,
From this change from *haut ton*, from good breeding
and culture,
That has always been yours, by the grand right of
birth,
Since Adam first claimed any right upon earth.
And we know that you stand in the box (let the
thought
That it *is* a box bring the relief that it ought)
From a stern sense of duty.

You come, it is said,
Of a long line of highly illustrious dead—
In short, of a very old family, eh ? "

MISS O'PATRICK.

Oh, the oldest, I've heard papa oftentimes say,
Of the *oldest*.

MR. BLUSTER.

They fled then the king's abused power,
And bravely came over aboard the Mayflower ?

MISS O'PATRICK.

Oh, long before that, I am sure ! They came over
With William the Conqueror.

JUDGE.

Nonsense ! That rover
Never came to this country.

MR. TRIMBER.

If he had, he 'd have been
Nothing more than plain William ; that 's rather too
thin.

MISS O'PATRICK.

Oh, if you refer to America, yes,
I suppose that they did.

JUDGE.

It would be idleness
To assume you were other than Irish, your name
Makes that only too evident.

MISS O'PATRICK.

No, sir, we claim
To be pure Early English.

MR. BLUSTER.

You have been, you say,
A personal friend of the plaintiff's, miss ?

MISS O'PATRICK.

Nay,
Nothing personal.

MR. BLUSTER.

Well, in your quest after knowledge
Did not you and my client attend the same college?

MISS O'PATRICK.

Certainement.

MR. BLUSTER.

Did you not then, while there, become friends?
Is not that how companionship commonly ends?

MISS O'PATRICK.

Yes, we backed up each other if one told a fib,
And in learning Italian we used the same crib,
So of course we were friends.

MR. BLUSTER.

Did this close friendship cease
When you finally left, or *au contraire* increase?

MISS O'PATRICK.

If we were not fast friends, think you I should be
here?
Does not this prove my friendship intensely sincere?
I would die for Rupertia!

MR. BLUSTER.

That does you credit!
It is good to have thought it, divine to have said it!
When her husband refused her the silk-poplin dress
Were you present?

MISS O'PATRICK.

I was.

MR. BLUSTER.

And you heard him ?

MISS O'PATRICK.

Oh yes.

MR. BLUSTER.

In your presence ? Ah, well, it was like the coarse
knave !

Be so good as to tell us the reason he gave.

MISS O'PATRICK.

He gave none. He said it had been a bad season,
And he could not afford it ; and that was no reason,
That was sheer imbecility.

MR. BLUSTER.

You think that he could ?

MISS O'PATRICK.

That can't matter ; she *wanted* it, therefore he *should* !

MR. BLUSTER.

Have you ever observed the defendant unkind
To the plaintiff ?

MISS O'PATRICK.

Pardonnez, monsieur, do you mind—
But please, which is which ?

JUDGE.

It was perfectly plain ;

You are begging the question, and trying to gain,
By subterfuge, time for reflection. Come, miss, reply.

But the witness began, at this juncture, to cry.

“ How dare you,” she sobbed out, “ accuse me, sir,
pray,

Of beg—begging anything ? Take me away,
I won’t be insulted ! ”

A murmur arose

In the jury. The court-room resounded with “ Ohs ! ”
And cries of “ For shame ! ”

The judge had to explain

That the phrase was an idiom. Would she restrain
Her passionate grief ? It was all a mistake.

Mr. Bluster besought her to stay, for his sake,
For the sake of Rupertia Chiggs—might he add,
For the sake of morality ?—secretly glad
That the scene had occurred, for he saw with delight
That the jury blamed all of the trouble on Wright.

MR. BLUSTER.

Will you now tell the jury whatever you know
Of the meeting you witnessed, just one month ago
In the fair days of June ?

MISS O’PATRICK.

We go every year

To the continent—that is, to Europe. Oh, dear !
I cannot help speaking as Englishmen do ;
Though American born, I am English right through.

I called on Rupertia merely to say
Good-by to my friend, before going away.
I found her in what, were I in her position,
I should call absolutely a *dying* condition.
She was mere skin and——

MR. BLUSTER.

Certainly, please to continue ;
Mere skin and framework, or say skin and sinew ;
We know what you mean, and respect your fine feeling.
Do not blush. (And he turned his eyes up to the ceiling.)

MISS O'PATRICK.

She said it was caused by her husband's depravity ;
That to him she was always sweet temper and suavity ;
But his manner was brutal. She cried on my shoulder,
Seemed at first half afraid to speak out, but grew bolder
As the salt tears stole down, leaving stains on my dress,
Till, at length, I prevailed on my friend to confess.

She said that one day Mr. Wright had made mention
Of his mother, and further declared his intention,
When he went into town to fetch Higgins the plumber,
Of calling and asking her down for the summer.
And she knew what that meant ; the poor girl was demented.

If his mother was all that had been represented,
She would bore her to death with reproof and advice,
And would madden her, being so very precise ;
She would back up her son when he wanted his way,
And forever and ever be " having her say."
And so she had bravely objected, and then
(Oh, the heartless, the criminal conduct of men !),
Without ever telling her where he was going,
He left her for hours, and all the time knowing
That his wife pined in solitude, loving him, still
Drifting far from the reach of all medical skill.

She said he was out of the house at that minute ;
She was sure there was something too horrible in it.
She would give all she had to know what he was doing,
For she firmly believed greater mischief was brewing.
I proposed we should follow together, and see.
So she dressed and came down looking sweet *cap à pie*.
And I could n't help thinking, if I were a man,
I should worship her. Then, with no definite plan,
But bent on discovery, having embraced,
We went down the turnpike in feverish haste,
And entered a field, where a gentleman cow,
That we had not observed, being hid by a plough,
Made a furious plunge, and upset poor Rupertia.
It bruised her and——

JUDGE.

Kind of disturbed her inertia.

MISS O'PATRICK.

We escaped, and went on. Having climbed a small bluff,

We saw what we came out to see. Sure enough,
There was Wright—Mr. Wright—in a sort of a valley,
Or, if I may say so, a countrified alley,
And a closely-veiled woman stood right at his side—
Well, she had to stand close, for the place was n't
wide.

But we saw Mr. Wright lift her veil, and he kissed
her

Such a smack that I guess it produced a big blister.
And then my friend fainted, and I—oh! the heat!

But the sentence was left as it was, incomplete,
For she herself fainted. The audience giggled,
And fair Miss O'Donoghue nervously wriggled;
For she frequently fainted, and honestly thought
Fainting quite an accomplishment, one to be taught
Just as much as Italian or music or dancing,
As retiring, bowing, chasséing, advancing,
All absolutisms of modern society,
That go to make up the *bon ton*, in entirety.

The rest of the witnesses failed to be funny,
And we would not report them for love or for money.
They meant well, no doubt, but those nearest the
door,

One by one, two by two, three by three, four by four,
Slipped quietly out, until Trimber arose
And helped the case rapidly on to its close.

MR. TRIMBER.

“Your Honor, and you, gentlemen of the jury,
Will endorse my first statement. A man in a fury

Says more than he ought to, or even believes.
Now I know that you secretly laughed in your
sleeves

When you heard Mr. Bluster, in eloquent rage,
Make the almost ridiculous effort to gauge
The criminal depth he attempted to prove
My client had sunk to—'the criminal groove,'
As he called it. However, I know that he had
To make something of nothing, and everything bad.
He felt that his case was too flimsy to stand
Without blinding your eyes with rhetorical sand.
But the witnesses brought to endorse his assertions
Were not like the laws of the Medes and the Persians,
That never knew change; they, again and again,
Contradicted themselves, as you know. Yet 't was
plain

That, before coming here, they had learned what to
say,

Which I think they 'll unlearn before going away.
Mr. Wright, the defendant, is one who has shown,
By his noble behavior and high moral tone,
That a man who is good may be misrepresented,
Yet bear malice to none. He has never resented,
By word or by deed, the indignities flung
By his friend Mr. Bluster's too garrulous tongue,
Besmirching his fair name and character freely,
As did the opponents of poor Horace Greeley.

"The charges of meanness are really too small,
Too trifling, to warrant attention at all.
You are some of you married—I trust, not a few—
And know what it is to have taxes fall due,

To have to meet butcher's bills, grocer's bills, baker's,
In the list that winds up with the grim undertaker's ;
And the countless small nothings, that really are
worse,

For the man who has these has a leak in his purse.
And you know that at times your account at the
bank

Shrinks away, till your book shows deposit page—
blank.

If then, when your mind is distracted with care,
Your wife wants to buy some fandangle to wear,
Some gimcrack or other to fix on her head,
While your mind is bent solely on how to get bread,
Is there one of you here who would foster her vanity,
And run into debt at the risk of insanity ?

No, I venture to say that not one of you would !
And my client had borne it as long as he could.
As his dwindling exchequer had caused him alarm,
He felt every penny must go to the farm.

“ And as to the final charge, is it so awful ?
It depends upon whether the kissing was lawful ;
For the sensitive plaintiff, on seeing them, fainted,
Instead of remaining and getting acquainted.

“ Let me now introduce the veiled woman.”

A pause—

Which the audience filled with well-meaning applause.
A woman stepped into the box, and all eyes
Were turned on the figure with looks of surprise ;
For every one saw she was homely and old,
A trifle too wrinkled, a trifle too cold,

To entice the most liquorish *roué* to kiss her,
And the youths in the audience started to hiss her.

With a wave of his hand and a frown on his face,
The judge called out, "Silence ! proceed with the
case."

Miss O'Patrick was brought into court once again,
And was forced to admit, though with evident pain,
That the woman before her was really the one
That had met Mr. Wright—"Why did she not shun
All honest folks' presence ? "

"You have said quite enough ! "
Exclaimed Mr. Trimber, "or more tersely, 'quant. suf.'
Gentlemen and your Honor, to save further bother,
Let me tell you this lady is Mr. Wright's *mother* !
As his wife would not hear of her living with them—
A mean course of action I know you condemn—
Mr. Wright met his mother in secret. And now
I can do nothing better than finish, and bow."

The plaintiff at this gave a terrible scream,
Rubbed her eyes like a person just roused from a
dream,
And, throwing her arms round her husband, exclaimed,
"O my Georgie ! forgive me, I 'm very ashamed,
Very contrite, my darling, but true to the core ;
I do love you, and won't be so mean any more.
And if you will promise to buy what I need,
Till death doth us part I will love you indeed."

Wright of course said he would, when the cost of the
suit

Had been paid, if she 'd only quit calling him "brute,"
"The meanest man living," "a fool and a knave,"
And would also assist him in trying to save.
And she promised him.

MORAL.

O husbands and wives,
If you quarrel, don't meddle with law, on your lives.
There is always a loser as well as a winner,
And lawyers grow fatter as your purse grows thinner.
If you win, you will very soon find, to your cost,
That, all things considered, you really have lost.

SCENE VII.

THE COURSE OF HUMAN EVENTS.

SCENE VII.

THE COURSE OF HUMAN EVENTS.

CLOUDS broken in fragments by unseen gales,
With white foam tossed like bended sails ;
Sky of that pale, translucent blue,
As if purest light were shining through ;
Sea dark with depth, yet blue and bright,
As frost-bound skies on a winter's night.

The voyage was rapidly nearing its close,
And a feeling of unconstrained sadness arose.

A ship is a world in itself, and to sever
Connection with travellers means good-by forever.
We have laughed with each other, been excellent
friends,

It seems like a lifetime. The voyage soon ends,
We speak the good-by with a pain at our heart—
That is, if we're young. The older ones part
With a nonchalance selfish, but wisest, maybe ;
What's the use of a friend whom we never shall see
Or hear from again—he, perchance, writes a letter,
Ah, well! might he not have employed his time
better ?

We have drifted apart. It is certainly best
To care for one's self—let who will take the rest.

But Christopher Kent and Miss Russell were young,
And, in spite of herself, a conviction had sprung,
That somehow, in some way, their lives had so blended,
She dreaded to think of the trip being ended.

We have said there are moments, in calm or in storm,
When the spirit stands out from the bodily form,
When spirit knows spirit—a moment of fright,
Or it may be a moment of deepest delight,
But awful, whichever it chances to be ;
And he who stands by, and whose spirit we see,
Is a stranger no longer.

Thank God ! oh, ye blest,
Whose self was revealed to the one you loved best !
God pity the wretches whom cruelest fate
Leaves naked in presence of those whom they hate !
Since their meeting at midnight, she seemed in a
dream.

She hated him first, then he gained her esteem
By his ready forgiveness, his quickness, his kindness.
Most women admire a lover's fond blindness ;
It is flattery purer than man can distill,
Like all nature's forces 't is bound to fulfil
The purpose intended, and always will prove
A lover's best weapon in winning his love.

Like birds of swift passage the hours flew fast,
Scarce aware of their presence before they were past,
Yet feeling the shadow that fell from their wing,
And dreading the crisis the future must bring.
With brain that was dazed and with heart that was
numb

She longed for the terrible something to come.
First humming a song, thinking no one was near,
She let fall the words in a voice low and clear :

“ A misty dawn brings a pleasant day,
And a golden morning may end in rain,
To look on the face of the sky is vain ;
And what is before us none can say.

“ We seek for pleasure, and meet with pain ;
We dread an evil that may not be ;
Our longed-for future we never see,
Though life may not have been lived in vain.”

She dwelt on the lines as a sweet refrain,
“ And life may not have been lived in vain ; ”
Then going back in a pensive way,
“ What is before us none can say.”

A shadow—she hastily looked up and blushed ;
Then back in a moment the life-blood had rushed,
And her heart beat so fast it was physical pain,
For Christopher Kent had o'erheard the refrain.
With intenseness of passion his soft dark eyes shone,
As he sat down beside her. The two were alone.

The throb of the engines and splash of the sea
Seemed far in the distance ; and, unconsciously,
His voice scarcely rose from a whisper ; her tone
Was gentle, but earnest, and low as his own.
She dared not look toward him ; she felt it was wise
Not to risk the entreaty that lay in his eyes.

Like the quivering haze of a midsummer day,
Or a waterfall's delicate curtain of spray,
A tremulous softness her features o'erspread—
The form half-recumbent, the poise of the head,
With a background of sky that was pale as a dream,
And a sea black with shadow, except where a beam
Had strayed from its course and had glinted the tide
Close under the vessel, then sank terrified—
The scene was as perfect as artist's design,
A lover would think it unrivalled, divine.
And Kent, when he looked at her beautiful face,
Felt thankful that nothing could ever erase
From memory's canvas a picture so fair ;
Once seen, it was painted indelibly there.

And her face—like the beautiful lights in the north,
As pale as the star-light, and then flashing forth
In hot vivid blushes, she flushed and turned pale
As she felt her strong arguments certain to fail.

When he told of his filial devotion, she listened,
While beneath the brown lashes the great tear-drops
 glistened ;
She strove to conceal them, by suddenly turning
Her face toward the sea, although secretly yearning
To look at him, touch him, to offer her hand.
But Kent saw the tears, and his passion was fanned
Into heat that was seven times heated. He grasped
The hand that was nearest to his, while he gasped,
“ You know, have known it, for days, that I love
 you !
By all that is sacred, around or above you,

I pledge to win what you most value in life,
But give me your love as reward. Be my wife ! ”

She was silent, then turning, she said, “ Mr. Kent,”
So calmly, he could but suppose that she meant
To refuse him entirely.

He tightened his hold
On the hand that he held, for despair made him bold,
And cried, “ No, no, hear me ! I ask you to wait
Just a little time for me to battle with fate ;
Give me something to work for, a hope that I may
Win your love and yourself at no far-distant day !
I am poor, but these hands and this brain can, I
trust,

Earn riches—if you may be won so, they must.
Or should you most long for position, or fame,
I promise to win them—to give you a name
That——” He started. Her hand she withdrew.
“ I ask no such promise,” she said, “ it is *you*,
You yourself that I—want.” With a look
Of timid coquettishness straightway she took
Her small hand from his, and then—offered him
both,
Which, stooping, he kissed.

So they plighted their troth
In the bright ocean sunlight. The vessel had veered
Somewhat from her course ; and the waters appeared
To open their heart to the sunshine, and flashed
A dazzling brightness ; the spray that was dashed
From the screw formed a rainbow. “ A token,” said
he,

“ Of approval from Heaven as well as the sea.”

O happy first hour of betrothal ! when living
Is exquisite pleasure without a misgiving ;
When past is forgotten, and future unscanned ;
It is Vanity Fair's own Delectable Land.
O happy first hour of mutual confession,
Of passionate joy in the sense of possession,
When the riddle of nature is suddenly solved,
And all of the secrets that riddle involved !
We seem to have lived for the sake of that hour,
Our grand coronation, accession to power ;
In love's beautiful ermine and purple arrayed,
Our faults are all hidden, nor make us afraid.
And the World, who has listened a million times over,
Dons her holiday garments for every new lover.

A see-saw is life—when one end gives a jump,
The other comes down to the earth with a bump ;
And the knave is sent up by the fool who falls down ;
There's a king at one end, at the other a clown.
There is laughter in one room, and tears in the other ;
And good news to one man is death to his brother ;
And while you are merry with some glad reflection,
Your neighbor is deep in the slough of dejection.
So, while Christopher borrowed and bent Cupid's
bow,
A far different scene had been acted below.

Mr. X, with an eyeglass as round as a ring,
Which his eyebrow shut down upon just like a spring,
And a lengthy report on " Domestic Affairs "—
Which did not mean servants or family cares,
But that " snug little, tight little island of Britain "—

Was, strange to relate, most suddenly smitten
With a wish to converse, and it happened that he
Sat next the aristocrat, Mr. O'D.

That gentleman—restless like many rich men,
Who heartily wish for the labor again
That gave them their fortunes, their merited leisure
(*Ennui* is the Dowager lady *née* Pleasure)—
That gentleman sat making digital cages,
And nervously watched Mr. X turn the pages.
Perhaps Mr. X felt his look an appeal,
For it lacked a full hour before the next meal,
And his wife was asleep, and his daughter, ah, well !
Where *she* was—"perhaps Mr. Spencer could tell."
The line is in commas, perhaps a suggestion
Facetiously made by one person in question.
In short, Mr. X, who talked briskly when started,
And, as it so proved, information imparted
Of a nature so startling, that Mr. O'D.
Wished a certain young man in the depths of the sea ;
That consignment at least would have answered as
well,
Though the place that he wished him to ended with *£*.

Mr. X was possessed of a practical mind,
And further, as shown by his eye-glass, was blind.
It was therefore no wonder he did not surmise
A joke was in process right under his eyes.
He had seen Mr. Spencer and fair Miss O'D.
So often together, he thought there must be
Some agreement, at least, some legitimate courting ;
And he studied the case with a view of reporting

The same, in its details, to sundry old friends,
 With comments, to wit : how America tends
 To level all ranks, and so prove by induction
 The country was certainly doomed to destruction.

Révenons à nos moutons—the staid Mr. X,
 When he made the remark, did not mean it should vex
 Or anger the gentleman.

Mr. O'D.,

Like all men who rise from a humble degree
 Into power, that guerdon of wealth, took offence
 Very readily, saw in a joke impudence ;
 For, though pachydermatous while making their
 money,
 Men grow thin-skinned as soon as the hive's full of
 honey.

And he heard in the tone of the speaker a hint
 Of something improper, found a slight verbal squint
 In the twist of the words. So he said, " Understand,
 Mr. what's-your-name, please, that at sea or on land,
 At home or abroad, Miss O'Donoghue, sir,
 Does nothing, says nothing, unless we concur ;
 And, as to her choice of companions or friends,
 If her parents object, the acquaintanceship ends.
 Miss O'Donoghue would not be nearly so free,
 Were the gentleman what you suppose him to be.
 You English respect rank and wealth, do you not ?
 Mr. Spencer can boast of his shooting-box, yacht,
 His seat in the country, his mansion in town,
 Of pedigree, ancestors known to renown,
 Of noble relations and friends by the score ;
 And what in the world, sir, should we expect more ? "

Mr. X had first chuckled, and then had grown grave,
And as Mr. O'Donoghue ceased, cried,
"The knave!

Do you tell me, in earnest, he boasts of all this,
And your daughter accepts it as truth? How remiss—
I ought to have guessed it. It made me believe
In the tales told in England. I laughed in my sleeve
And fully determined to quote this one case,
As proof that the Anglo-American race
Was really belevelled, a perfect democracy,
With no sign of rank, let alone aristocracy."

Poor Mr. O'D., although wofully slow,
Was quick enough now to perceive that a blow
Was about to descend on his tenderest spot,
His vanity, and, for the nonce, he forgot
His usual dignity.

Flushing with rage,
He paced up and down like a beast in a cage,
And finally stopping, said, "Is he a fraud,
Not a noble incognito—*not* been abroad
For the sake of investing in stocks? Oh, you jest!"

Mr. X replied, "Jokes, sir, are things I detest.
I never was given to joking—but here,
That a joke has been played upon you is quite clear.
I know Mr. Spencer, or rather we met
At some place in Boston—just where I forget.
A *drummer*, you'd call him. I saw him unpacking
His samples—he sells some new kind of boot-blackening."

Then Mr. O'Donoghue sank in his seat,
And with tears in his eyes he began to entreat,

To beseech his informant, by everything good,
 To keep silent about it, to swear that he would ;
 And declared that at Queenstown he 'd land and be free
 To hunt his own genealogical tree.

It was noticed thereafter by all on the ship
 That the fair Miss O'D. gave Hugh Spencer the slip,
 And spent half the time in her stateroom, alone,
 And, as she was heard very plainly to groan,
 The majority thought the young lady was sick ;
 The minority knew she had found out the trick.
 Miss Russell most wisely kept out of her way,
 And when she was in it, had nothing to say.

Mr. French had been searching for Christopher Kent
 For hours together, and, by mere accident,
 Met that happy young fellow amidships, alone.
 Mr. French heaved a sigh which was almost a groan.

MR. KENT.

What 's the matter, old fellow, this beautiful day ?

MR. FRENCH (*aside*).

St. George and the Dragon ! I earnestly pray,
 Help me one or the other !

(*Aloud.*) Kent, I 've come to confess,
 To give you permission to seek full redress.
 I 'm a blunderer born, that 's my only excuse,
 I 'm too heavily made, don't you see ? What 's the
 use

Of explaining, for I am completely befuddled,
 And your cause with old Russell I 've thoroughly
 muddled.

MR. KENT.

Sho ! that 's all right.

MR. FRENCH.

Then you 've come to your senses,
Have considered, as I did, the sad consequences.
Kent, I congratulate— What ! you don't say,
You are really engaged ? Ah, well ! lack-a-day !
And all interjections of sorrow or joy,
From the depths of my heart I wish them, my boy.

And French walked away with a shake of the head ;
But Kent followed after, and laughingly said,
“ Come, drink our good health—drown your sorrow
in beer,
And promise to dance at our wedding next year.”
“ I 'll make a tight rope of the submarine cable,
And my message shall dance if I am unable,”
French quickly replied.

So that trouble was ended,
And he, for Kent's sake, further judgment suspended.

“ If this speed keeps up, we shall see Fastnet light
Somewhere about twelve, perhaps sooner, to-night,”
Said the captain at dinner.

“ A story, a speech,
A speech for the last day,” was echoed by each.

Captain Vank yawned, of course. “ I 'm no talker,” he
said,

But I 'll spin a last yarn. Will that do instead ?

The Tale of a Figure-Head.

“ Oh, Captain Smith was a clever man,
As clever as well could be,
And he made a bet with a man he met
In the Arafura Sea :

“ That he 'd build the fastest sailing craft
That ever was built, he said,
And added with pride, it should boast, beside,
Of the handsomest figure-head.

“ And the vessel he built went like the wind,
When the storm-clouds scud the skies ;
And of course you 've read of the figure-head—
You have n't ? Well, bless my eyes !

“ Why, the Aphrodite's figure-head
Was the finest thing afloat,
And the lubbers ashore, the art-critics, swore,
It was far too good for a boat.

“ And along with Captain Smith I made
My first trip out to sea ;
And we sailed away on the first of May
In the year of '53.

“ We hardly needed a puff of wind
To make the beauty go,
But she went so fast that we wished, at last,
She *would* slack up, you know.

“The sails were reefed, until we left
The masts and rigging bare ;
Yet on she flew, although we knew
There were n't a breath of air.

“And then the crew was filled with dread,
And all began to fear ;
May I be blessed, she seemed possessed ;
We found she would n't steer.

“And as we passed Cape Finisterre,
The crew flung off their coats,
And roundly swore they'd go ashore,
And cut adrift the boats.

“And Captain Smith, he went along,
Which left me sole commander ;
For I had sworn, that very morn,
I'd stay and understand her.

“And day and night, and night and day,
The vessel kept on going,
And my heart did bound, for I heard a sound,
Like a silver bugle blowing.

“The night was fair, and the stars shone bright,
But the moon was as red as blood,
And it tinged the sea till it seemed to me
We sailed in a crimson flood.

“ And I heard the bugle blown again,
But the notes rang soft and clear,
I felt like stone—I was all alone—
I trembled and shook with fear.

“ I went to the starboard side, and gazed
At the crimson waves below ;
And I saw the wight that had caused my fright,
And had made the bugle blow.

“ A merman, swimming beneath the prow,
Was courting the figure-head ;
And his fair white skin, and his pearly fin,
Pleased my eyes, while I looked with dread.

“ The figure-head followed him everywhere.
Now north, now south, now west ;
And the merman said, ‘ To my coral bed
Come, fair one, come and rest !

“ ‘ There are heaps of treasures beneath the waves,
Bright jewels, and sparkling gold ;
You shall have my share, O my lady fair,
Then, why art thou still so cold ?

“ ‘ Come and sport with me in the seaweed groves
That sway in the under tide ;
You are fair to see—come, lady, and be
A brave young merman’s bride.’

“ Then I heard the timbers groan and creak ;
The figure-head shook itself free,
And fell with a crash, a gurgle and splash,
Right into the crimson sea.

“ And the rudder worked like magic then
(I ’m not of the boasting sort),
But she went like a streak, and in less than a week
I had her back safe into port.”

It was sunset but cloudless ; a pale yellow fire,
Like the flame from some ancient imperial pyre,
Spread across the horizon and o’er the waves rolled
In a causeway of fretted and bright burnished gold
Not a cloud in the sky, not a fleck on the seas,
When a ship, in full sail, scarcely moved by the breeze,
Drifts silently into the broad, golden track,
Every sail, mast, and spar turning suddenly black.
All save the O’Donoghues witnessed the scene.

‘The lovers strolled off, leaving sad Mr. Green
Sitting helplessly leaning against the ship’s side,
In that state where a woman would surely have cried.
The twilight fell round him, and still he sat frowning.
It may be some thought of intentional drowning
Stole into his brain now and then, for he gazed
At the sea like a man who was hopelessly dazed.
A touch from his sister, his good angel, brought
Him back to his senses. “ Come, John dear, we ought
To be looking our last on this beautiful sea,
’Tis a glorious evening.” And then tenderly

She drew his arm forward, and coaxed him to rise,
While the great hot tears sparkled and glazed her
dark eyes.

Her heart ached for John, and she longed to caress
him;

And in silence prayed over and over, "God bless
him."

But lovers know little of others' despair,
And if they are told of it, what do they care ?
Nay, blame them not quickly, they're out of the road,
It is better that each of us shoulder his load ;
Let those who are happy remain so, they must,
In the course of their lives, plod through mire and
dust ;

Let them walk in green by-ways and sing while they
can,

Pain and pleasure are portioned to every man.

So they wandered, these lovers, in blissful content ;

Each rivalled the other in sweet compliment.

They watched for the dull yellow star half the night,

And forgot it the moment it came into sight.

They were friends with the ocean—they dreaded the
land.

As they parted at midnight, Kent slipped in her hand
A paper. "Some verses," he bashfully said.

"Pray excuse them, they're more from the heart than
the head."

Then a pause and a blank—to be filled as you please,
Gentle reader.

The verses he gave her were these :

“ I built me a pleasure house, one day,
In the poet's land of dreams ;
And over it clouds of summer lay,
While about it ran gurgling streams ;
And the little birds came and sweetly sang ;
And a beautiful rose to my window sprang,
It peeped through the lattice and fell at my feet,
And the room was filled with its fragrance sweet.

“ But a wind came down from the land of snow,
And the roses died in a night ;
And the streams were frozen and ceased to flow,
While the birds took a sudden flight.
O'er the sky an ashen pall was spread ;
My beautiful youth lay before me dead.
I cursed the wind as I hurried forth
To search for death in the frozen north.

“ I built me a hut in the far north land
Of ice frozen fast with snow ;
I reared the walls with a steady hand,
Then crawled through the entrance low.
I had left no chinks for the summer sun,
And I sat and brooded o'er what was done ;
Despair and I talked with bated breath
Of the near approach of her kinsman, Death.

“ Through the cold and darkness I felt a thrill,
Heard a sound like a running brook ;
All the instinct of life was within me still,
And I crept to the door to look.

The fiend Despair tried to hinder me,
But I struck her boldly, and bade her flee ;
The stars shone brighter when she took flight,
And the eastern sky blazed forth with light,

“ I was moving on with the current of hope
That was flowing toward the sea ;
I had built my hut on a glacier slope,
And the spring-time had set me free.
I was drifting on, and I knew not where ;
I was drifting on, and I did not care ;
My life came back—not a dreamy life,
But promise of toil for my future wife.

“ We build a house in a sunny land,
A land where the frost comes, too ;
But what does it matter when, hand in hand,
We work with a purpose true ?
And our house shall be happy in sun or rain,
We will share all joy, and divide all pain,
And never far from that land we 'll roam,
For love loves best to remain at home.”

FINALE.

Dark hills where soft gray clouds are lightly lying ;
And white-winged gulls against the blue sky flying.

Long emerald waves are scattering snowy foam,
As flowers are strewn to welcome heroes home.

Segments of brilliant rainbows, growing dim,
Are set like columns on the ocean's rim.

Blue shafts of smoke, that rival Irish skies,
From roofs of sun-burned thatch are seen to rise.

Bright-kirtled colleens, heroines of song,
Watch the huge vessel as it moves along ;

Sad hearted many, most of them, maybe,
For thoughts of lovers who have crossed the sea.

“So runs the world away ;” our dreams are fled,
And with the land come human loves instead.

The laziest life one can live is at sea.
Save the work done at breakfast, lunch, dinner, and
tea,
One can really do nothing but lounge, smoke, and
play,
Flirt a little, talk scandal (the news of the day),
Or, failing in these, court the downy god, Sleep,
And annihilate *ennui* and time at one sweep.

When the land fades from sight, all the endless to-do
Of business and politics fades with it too ;
And the round, watery world puts all news on the
shelf—
Like a querulous patient—save that itself ;
But the morning that brings the low margin of hills,
With its very first breath the long lethargy kills ;
And little is thought of but parting and meeting,
And the mind conceives other excitement than eating.
Vague fears fill the soul, as we pack our valises,
Lest our trunks will be found to be coming to pieces ;

That the bottle of ink, which we rolled in a stocking,
Has been broken, or something else equally shocking.
And all is confusion, noise, bustle, and hence is
Enough to drive any one out of his senses.
The circle of friendship contracts. A cold wave
Sweeps over the ship ; and most seem to behave
As if they are rather ashamed of the past,
And hope the acquaintanceship formed will not last.
And when silk hats and bonnets break forth into
bloom,
They seem to bring with them politeness and gloom.

The exception in this case—exceptions, they say,
Prove the rule, although not in a logical way—
Was our friend, Mr. Murray, who did not possess
A “ plug,” that civilian abortion of dress.
Promenading the deck with the same hat and coat
He had daily appeared in on board of the boat,
And, of course, the same temper, the same look and
bearing,
For our characters go with the clothes we are wearing ;
He held by the hand Tommy 'Tickler, who tried,
By pulling and jerking, to break from his side,
To join with some urchins amidship at play,
But for once he was doomed not to have his own way.
“ Be still for a minute,” said Murray. “ Come here,
Sit down on this stool, Tom, you young mutineer,
I've something to say to you. Here comes Miss Green
You're dirty as poison, not fit to be seen,
But we'll see what she says. Miss Green, take a seat ;
Come into the shade here away from the heat.”

Now the shade he referred to was not worth the mention—

That is, if you take its extent or dimension,
Square feet, or however you measure the shade—
On the lee-side, and therefore upon the down grade.
And the consequence was the stools had to be set
So closely together the tops of them met.
But the sense of security gained by the fact,
In case of a lurch—for the stools were not backed—
Was full compensation for crowding, and thus
Miss Green took a seat without raising a fuss.

Tom would n't sit down, preferring to stand
Between Murray's knees, and to look out at the land ;
For the vessel was steaming so near to the coast
One could make out each cabin and count every post,
Distinguish the cattle and wandering sheep,
And the boy set to watch them, stretched out fast
asleep.

The low rolling hills had a welcoming look
To the voyagers. Here through a cleft ran a brook,
Springing out as it were from the roots of a tree ;
It fell in a tiny cascade to the sea.
The foam of the breakers lay white on the sand,
And sparkled beneath the sun's magical wand ;
Black rocks fronting seaward stood guarding the bay,
And lashed the green waves into masses of spray.

“Well,” said Murray, at length, looking round at
Miss Green,
“You are glad to be home—that is, near home I
mean ? ”

“ Oh, yes,” she replied, “ I suppose I am glad,
And yet, do you know ? I feel foolishly sad.
The trip has been pleasant throughout, has it not ? ”
“ Just delightful,” said Murray, “ but fearfully hot ;
I have felt like a blue-fish or pickerel frying,
And my color has changed like a porpoise in dying ;
If I now were at home, ma'am, my dearest relation
Would bundle me off to some darned reservation.
See here,” he went on, stroking Tom's curly hair,
A liberty hotly resented. “ Wo-wo-ho there !
Stand still, you young monkey. What am I to do
With this baby, pray tell me, I 'm quite in a stew ;
I have n't the heart to abandon the boy,
For I love every hair of his head, and enjoy
Every trick of the rascal.”

“ Now don't think me rude,”
Said Miss Green, interrupting ; “ of course you allude
To the boy's future prospects. My brother and I
Have decided to take him ; and you may rely
On my word that we will not neglect him, you
know.

John has made up his mind not to marry, and so,”
She laughingly added, “ regarding myself,
Since I have been long ago put on the shelf,
We can”——

“ Stop ! ” exclaimed Murray, “ I 'm sure you
are kind,
But I can't give him up. If I must ‘ go it blind,’
Then I must, and that ends it. Now, Tommy, see
here,
You are put up at auction, and I 'm auctioneer.
Here 's a worthless young rascal——”

“For shame!” said Miss Green.

“You’ve mistaken your calling, that’s plain to be seen.

If he’s worthless who’d buy him?”

“Of course that is true,”

Said Murray. “Well, Tommy, I’ll leave it to you.

With which one of us would you like to live best,

With me or Miss Green?—that’s the critical test.

Speak the truth, now, young fellow, with which?—
under oath?”

“I’d like to live best,” replied Tommy, “with *both*.”

“That boy *is* a genius!” Murray exclaimed.

“He’s enough to make wise heads like us feel ashamed.

May I get up alongside of you on the shelf,

And chum with the bric-à-brac china and delf?”

Miss Green made no effort to hide the glad tears,

Which rolled down her cheeks, and left visible smears.

Mr. Murray continued :

“I can’t offer much,

I have n’t the trick of old Midas, whose touch

Turned things into gold, but I guess, if we try,

We can worry along. I have something put by—

Nothing much, but a little, five hundred or so—

Come, shall it be *both*, dear Miss Green? don’t say
no!”

For answer she bent toward the child and said,

“Yes,

You shall live with us *both*!”

With a tender caress,
Which Tommy returned, she just pressed Murray's
hand,
And left them alone.

With "a smile that was bland,"
Murray caught up the youngster and kissed him.

"My lad,
He exclaimed, "well, you've done it. And now you'll
be glad
To get upon shore, eh?"

"Oh yes," Tom replied.
"And why?" looking down on the small boy with
pride.

"Because then I can sleep by myself, don't you
know?"

Answered Tom, who, from eating cake sodden as
dough,

Had been troubled with nightmare, and used his
small feet

Pretty freely on Murray, "and then I can eat
What I want to and thrash around all that I choose."

"With pleasure," said Murray. "I've a terrible
bruise

Inflicted by you in the small of my back,
Where you brought down your fist with a thundering
thwack."

Here he called to the captain and said,

"I've a mind
To adopt your young stowaway; somehow, I find
That I love him. I've also engaged him a nurse."

"Is that so?" said the captain. "You might have done worse,
You'll never repent it."

"I'm going," said Murray,
"To marry the nurse—it will save me the worry."

The captain laughed loudly, "And what is her name? I hope you've selected a competent dame."
For he thought it a joke. Murray could not feel hurt,
And replied with good humor, "That terrible flirt,
The charming Miss Green."

"Well matched, on my soul!"
Cried the captain with warmth; but it struck him as droll,

So he laughed once again and then said,
"I suppose,
It will now be to *you* that the child's money goes?"

"The money, what money?" said Murray, in wonder.
"For his passage, of course," cried the captain. "By thunder!

You did n't imagine one moment, I trust,
I intended to keep it! That would be unjust.
I had, for appearance's sake, to pretend,
For the good of the others, but meant at the end
Of the voyage to give it to Tom, or invest it.
Had I dreamed you thought *that*, I had long since
confessed it."

Murray flung up his hat in the air, with a shout
That attracted those passengers up and about,
Who, when they had learned what had caused it,
joined in

Till the Empress re-echoed their jovial din.
They gave three cheers for both with a hearty good-
will,
With one cheer thrown in as a brief codicil.

“ Once more ! ” shouted Murray, “ one more for Miss
Green !
God bless America, and God save the Queen ! ”

THE END.

AN EDUCATION,

or at least a very important part of one, is to know how to get good results with the least labor. In the matter of house-cleaning, scrubbing and in scouring pots and pans, it is important to know that SAPOLIO saves time, strength and patience.

“SOHMER”

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS,

Received First Medal of Merit and Diploma of Honor at the Centennial Exhibition, 1876.

First Prize Diploma of Honor and Honorable Mention and a Diploma of Special Excellence for Baby Grands at the Montreal Exhibition, 1881.

Are preferred by leading Artists.

SOHMER & CO.,

Manufacturers, 149 to 155 FOURTEENTH STREET, N. Y.

JAMES PYLE'S



PEARLINE

THE BEST WASHING COMPOUND EVER INVENTED.

No Lady, Married or Single, Rich or Poor, Housekeeping or Boarding, will be without it after testing its utility.

Sold by all first-class Grocers, but beware of worthless imitations.

HEALTH AND VIGOR

FOR THE BRAIN AND NERVES.

COMPOSED OF THE
NERVE-GIVING
PRINCIPLES
OF THE



OX BRAIN AND THE
EMBRYO OF THE
WHEAT AND
OAT.

CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOS-PHITES.

This is a standard preparation with all physicians who treat nervous and mental disorders.

Crosby's Vitalized Phos-phites should be taken as a Special Brain Food.

To BUILD UP worn-out nerves, to banish sleeplessness, neuralgia and sick headache.—*Dr. Gwynn.*

To PROMOTE good digestion.—*Dr. Filmore.*

To "STAMP OUT" consumption.—*Dr. Churchill.*

To "COMPLETELY cure night sweats."—*John B. Quigley.*

To MAINTAIN the capabilities of the brain and nerves to perform all functions even at the highest tension.—*E. L. Kellogg.*

To RESTORE the energy lost by nervousness, debility, over-exertion or enervated vital powers.—*Dr. W. S. Wells.*

To REPAIR the nerves that have been enfeebled by worry, depression, anxiety or deep grief.—*Miss Mary Rankin.*

To STRENGTHEN the intellect so that study and deep mental application may be a pleasure and not a trial.—*B. M. Couch.*

To DEVELOP good teeth, glossy hair, clear skin, handsome nails in the young, so that they may be an inheritance in later years.—*Editor School Journal.*

To ENLARGE the capabilities for enjoyment.—*National Journal of Education.*

To "MAKE life a pleasure," "not a daily suffering." "I really urge you to put it to the test."—*Miss Emily Faithfull.*

To AMPLIFY bodily and mental power to the present generation and "prove the survival of the fittest" to the next.—*Bismarck.*

THERE IS NO OTHER VITAL PHOS-PHITE, none that is extracted from living animal and vegetable tissues.—*Dr. Casper.*

To RESTORE lost powers and abilities.—*Dr. Bull.*

For sale by druggists or mail, \$1.

F. CROSBY CO., No. 56 West Twenty-fifth St., New York.

LOVELL'S LIBRARY.—CATALOGUE.

Mysterious Island, Pt II. 15	237. The Boy at Mugby..... 10	298. Reprinted Pieces..... 20
Mysterious Island, Pt III. 15	238. The Virginians, Part I.. 20	299. Astoria..... 20
Tom Brown at Oxford, 2 Parts, each..... 15	The Virginians, Part II.. 20	300. Novels by Eminent Hands 10
Thicker than Water..... 20	239. Erling the Bold..... 20	301. Companions of Columbus 20
In Silk Attire..... 20	240. Kenelm Chillingly..... 20	302. No Thoroughfare..... 10
Scottish Chiefs, Part I.. 20	241. Deep Down..... 20	303. Character Sketches, etc. 10
Scottish Chiefs, Part II. 20	242. Samuel Brohl & Co..... 20	304. Christmas Books.. .. 20
Willy Reilly..... 20	243. Gautran..... 20	305. A Tour on the Prairies.. 10
The Nautz Family..... 20	244. Bleak House, Part I.. 20	306. Ballads..... 15
Great Expectations..... 20	Bleak House, Part II.. 20	307. Yellowplush Papers..... 10
Hist. of Pendennis, Pt I.. 20	245. What Will He Do With It? 2 Parts, each..... 20	308. Life of Mahomet, Part I. 15
Hist. of Pendennis, Pt II 20	246. Sketches of Young Couples. 10	Life of Mahomet, Pt. II. 15
Widow Bedott Papers..... 20	247. Devereux..... 20	309. Sketches and Travels in London..... 10
Daniel Deronda, Part I.. 20	248. Life of Webster, Part I. 15	310. Oliver Goldsmith, Irving. 20
Daniel Deronda, Part II. 20	Life of Webster, Pt. II. 15	311. Captain Bonneville 20
Altiora Peto..... 20	249. The Crayon Papers..... 20	312. Golden Girls..... 20
By the Gate of the Sea. 15	250. The Caxtons, Part I.. 15	313. English Humorists..... 15
Tales of a Traveller..... 20	The Caxtons, Part II.. 15	314. Moorish Chronicles..... 10
Life and Voyages of Co- lumbus, 2 Parts, each. 20	251. Autobiography of An- thony Trollope..... 20	315. Winifred Power..... 20
The Pilgrim's Progress..... 20	252. Critical Reviews, etc..... 10	316. Great Hogarty Diamond 10
Martin Chuzzlewit, P't I.. 20	253. Lucretia..... 20	317. Pausanias..... 15
Martin Chuzzlewit, P't II. 20	254. Peter the Whaler..... 20	318. The New Abeldar..... 20
Theophrastus Such..... 10	255. Last of the Barons. Pt I. 15	319. A Real Queen..... 20
Disarmed..... 15	Last of the Barons, Pt. II. 15	320. The Rose and the Ring. 20
Eugene Aram..... 20	256. Eastern Sketches..... 15	321. Wolfert's Roost and Mis- cellanies, by Irving..... 10
The Spanish Gypsy, &c. 20	257. All in a Garden Fair..... 20	322. Mark Seaworth..... 20
Cast up by the Sea..... 20	258. File No. 113..... 20	323. Life of Paul Jones..... 20
Mill on the Floss, Part I. 15	259. The Parisians, Part I.. 20	324. Round the World..... 20
Mill on the Floss, P't II. 15	The Parisians, Part II.. 20	325. Elbow Room..... 20
Brother Jacob, etc..... 10	260. Mrs. Darling's Letters.. 20	326. The Wizard's Son..... 25
The Executor..... 20	261. Master Humphrey's Clock..... 10	327. Harry Lorrequer..... 20
American Notes..... 15	262. Fatal Boots, etc..... 10	328. How It All Came Round. 20
1. The Newcomes, Part I.. 20	263. The Alhambra..... 15	329. Dante Rossetti's Poems. 20
The Newcomes, Part II. 20	264. The Four Georges..... 10	330. The Canon's Ward..... 20
2. The Privateer..... 20	265. Plutarch's Lives, 5 Pts. \$1.	331. Lucile, by O. Meredith. 20
3. The Three Feathers..... 20	266. Under the Red Flag..... 10	332. Every Day Cook Book.. 20
4. Phantom Fortune..... 20	267. The Haunted House, etc. 10	333. Lays of Ancient Rome... 20
5. The Red Eric..... 20	268. When the Ship Comes Home..... 10	334. Life of Burns..... 20
6. Lady Silverdale's Sweet- heart..... 10	269. One False, both Fair..... 20	335. The Young Foresters... 20
7. The Four Macnical's..... 10	270. The Mudfog Papers, etc. 10	336. John Bull and His Island 20
8. Mr. Pisistratus Brown, M. R. 10	271. My Novel, 3 Parts, each. 20	337. Salt Water, by Kingston. 20
9. Dombey and Son, Part I.. 20	272. Conquest of Granada. . 20	338. The Midshipman..... 20
Dombey and Son, Part II. 20	273. Sketches by Boz..... 20	339. Proctor's Poems..... 20
0. Book of Snobs..... 10	274. A Christmas Carol, etc.. 15	340. Clayton's Rangers..... 20
1. Fairy Tales, Illustrated.. 20	275. Ione Stewart..... 20	341. Schiller's Poems..... 20
2. The Disowned..... 20	276. Harold, 2 Parts, each.. 15	342. Goethe's Faust..... 20
3. Little Dorrit, Part I.. 20	277. Dora Thorne..... 20	343. Goethe's Poems..... 20
Little Dorrit, Part II.. 20	278. Maid of Athens..... 20	344. Life of Thackeray..... 10
4. Abbotsford and New- stead Abbey..... 10	279. Conquest of Spain..... 10	345. Dante's Vision of Hell, & Purgatory and Paradise.. 20
5. Oliver Goldsmith, Black 10	280. Fitzboodle Papers, etc.. 10	346. An Interesting Case... 20
6. The Fire Brigade..... 20	281. Bracebridge Hall..... 20	347. Life of Byron, Nichol... 10
7. Rife and Hound in Cey- lon..... 20	282. Uncommercial Traveller. 20	348. Life of Bunyan..... 10
8. Our Mutual Friend, P't I. 20	283. Roundabout Papers..... 20	349. Valerie's Fate..... 10
Our Mutual Friend, P't II. 20	284. Rossmoyne..... 20	350. Grandfather Lickshingle. 20
9. Paris Sketches..... 15	285. A Legend of the Rhine, etc..... 10	351. Lays of the Scottish Ca- valiers..... 20
0. Belinda..... 20	286. Cox's Diary, etc..... 10	352. Willis' Poems..... 20
1. Nicholas Nickleby, P't I.. 20	287. Beyond Pardon..... 20	353. Tales of the French Re- volution..... 15
Nicholas Nickleby, P't II. 20	288. Somebody's Luggage, etc. 10	354. Loom and Lugger..... 20
2. Monarch of Mincing Lane..... 20	289. Godolphin..... 20	355. More Leaves from a Life in the Highlands..... 15
3. Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon..... 20	290. Salmagundi..... 20	356. Hygiene of the Brain. . 25
4. Pictures from Italy..... 15	291. Famous Funny Fellows. 20	357. Berkeley the Banker..... 20
5. Adventures of Philip, Pt I. 15	292. Irish Sketches, etc..... 20	358. Homes Abroad..... 15
Adventures of Philip, Pt II. 15	293. The Battle of Life, etc.. 10	359. Scott's Lady of the Lake, with notes..... 20
6. Knickerbocker History of New York..... 20	294. Pilgrims of the Rhine.. 15	360. Modern Christianity a civilized Heathenism... 15
	295. Random Shots..... 20	
	296. Men's Wives..... 10	
	297. Mystery of Edwin Drood. 20	

PEARS' SOAP PEAR'S SOAP PEAR'S SOAP PEAR'S SOAP

Henry Ward Beecher

GOOD COMPLEXION

ESTABLISHED in LONDON
100 YEARS.

PEARS SOAP

NICE HANDS

I HAVE FOUND IT MATCHLESS FOR THE HANDS AND COMPLEXION.

Adeline Patti

As recommended by the greatest English authority on the Skin.

Pres. of the Royal Col. of Surgeons, England.

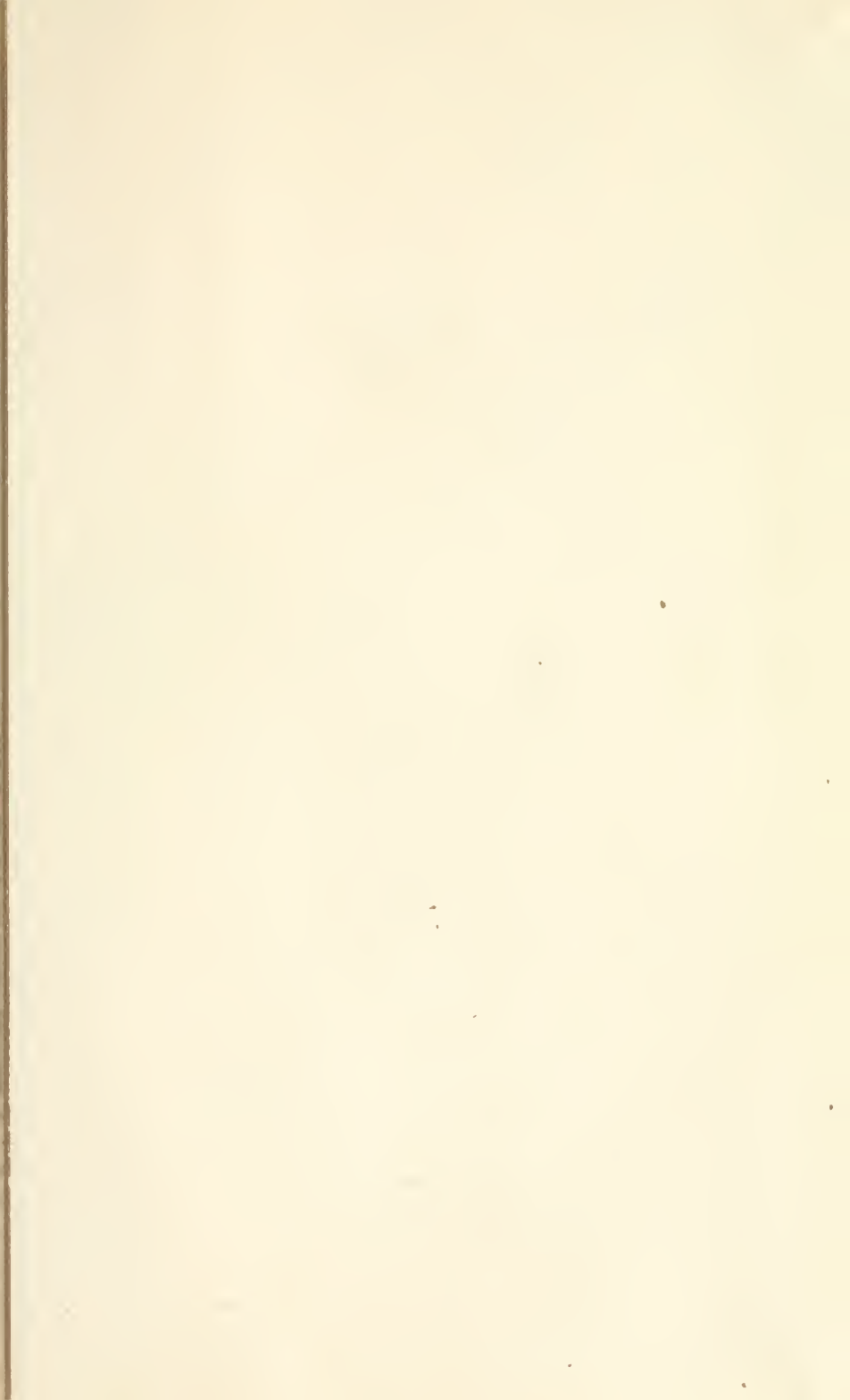
Nothing adds so much to personal appearance as a **Bright, Clear Complexion and a Soft Skin.** With these the plainest features become attractive. Without them the handsomest are but coldly impressive. *Many a complexion is marred by impure alkaline and Colored Toilet Soap.*

Is specially prepared for the delicate skin of ladies and children and other sensitive to the weather, winter or summer. In England it is pre-eminently the complexion Soap, and is recommended by all the best authorities, as on account of its emollient, non-irritant character, **Redness, Roughness and Chapping** are prevented, and a clear and bright appearance and a soft, velvety condition imparted and maintained, and a good, healthful and attractive complexion ensured.

Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties commend it as the greatest luxury of the toilet. Its durability and consequent economy is remarkable.

15 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS.

ALL THE LEADING DRUGGISTS SELL PEARS' SOAP



DOBBS BROS.
LIBRARY BINDING

100 T 79

ST. AUGUSTINE

FLA.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 597 474 1